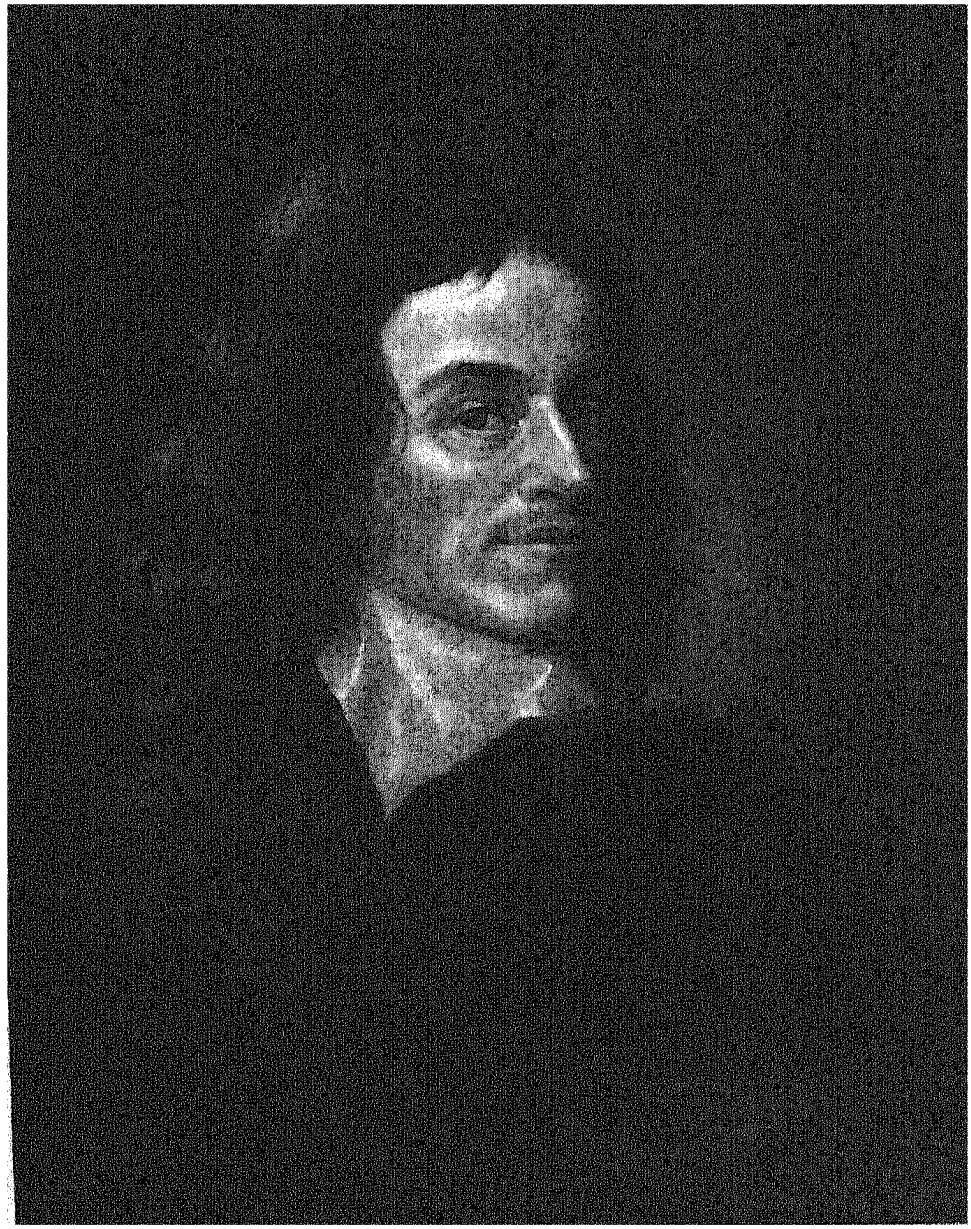


The World's Best Poetry

Volume Four

The Higher Life

Religion and Poetry

By

Washington Gladden

John D. Morris and Company

Philadelphia

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PUBLISHERS OF THE WORLD'S BEST POETRY.

1904.

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thing akin to it affected large numbers of excellent people.

We are well past that period, and the relations of religion and poetry may now be discussed with no fear of misunderstandings. These relations are close and vital. Poetry is indebted to religion for its largest and loftiest inspirations, and religion is indebted to poetry for its subtlest and most luminous interpretations.

Religion is related to poetry as life is related to art. Religion is life, the life of God in the soul of man—the response of man's spirit to the attractions of the divine Spirit. Poetry is an interpretation of life. Religious poetry endeavors to express, in beautiful forms, the facts of the religious life. There is poetry that is not religious; poetry which deals only with that which is purely sensuous, poetry which does not hint at spiritual facts, or divine relations; and there is religion which has but little to do with poetry: but the highest religious thoughts and feelings are greatly served by putting them into poetic forms; and the greatest poetry is always that which sets forth the facts of the religious life. "Without love to man and love to God," says Dr. Strong, "the greatest poetry is impossible. Mere human love to God is not enough to stir the deepest chords either in the poet or in his readers. It is the connection of human love with the divine love that gives it permanence and security."*

If, then, religion is the supreme experience of the human spirit, and that experience finds its

* "The Great Poets and their Theology."

most perfect literary expression in poetry, the present volume ought to contain a precious collection of the best literature. And any one who wished to give to a friend a volume which would convey to him the essential elements of religion would probably be safe to choose this volume rather than any prose treatise upon theology ever printed. He who reads this book through will get a clearer and truer idea of what the religious life is than any philosophical discussion could give him. For this poetry is an attempt to express life, not to explain it. It offers pictures or reports rather than analyses of religious experience. It gives utterance to the real life of religion in the individual soul, and is not a generalization of religious thoughts and feelings.

The sources from which this collection has been drawn are abundant and varied. The psalmody and hymnology of the church furnish a vast preserve, the exploration of which would be a large undertaking. It must be confessed that the pious people who had in their hands some of the ancient hymn-books were justified in feeling that religion and poetry were not closely related, for many of the hymns they were wont to sing were guiltless of any poetic character. It was too often evident that the hymn-writer had been more intent on giving metrical form to proper theological concepts than on giving utterance to his own religious life. But the feeling has been growing that in hymns, at any rate, life is more than dogma; and we have now some collections of hymns that come pretty near being books of

poetry. The improvement in this department of literature within the past twenty-five years has been marked. There is still, indeed, in many hymnals, and especially in hymnals for Sunday schools and social meetings, much doggerel; but large recent contributions of hymns which are true poetry, many of the best of them from American sources, have made it possible to furnish our congregations with admirable manuals of praise.

The indebtedness of religion to poetry which is thus expressed in the hymnology of the church is very large. Probably many of us are indebted for definite and permanent religious conceptions and impressions quite as much to felicitous phrases of hymns as to any words of sermon or catechism. Our most positive convictions of religious truth are apt to come to us in some line or stanza that tells the whole story. The rhythm and the rhyme have helped to fix it and hold it in the memory.

This is true not only of the hymns of the church but of many poems that are not suitable for singing. English poetry is especially rich in meditative and devotional elements, and of no period has this been more true than of the nineteenth century. Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, the Brownings, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, on the other side of the sea, with Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Lanier, Sill and Gilder on this side—these and many others—have made most precious additions to our store of religious poetry. The century has been one of great perturbations in religious thought;

the advent of the evolutionary philosophy threatened all the theological foundations, and there was need of a thorough revision of the dogmas which were based on a mechanical theology, and of a reinterpretation of the life of the Spirit. In all this the poets have given us the strongest help. The great poet cannot be oblivious of these deepest themes. He need not be a dogmatician, indeed he cannot be, for his business is insight, not ratiocination; but the problems which theology is trying to solve must always be before his mind, and he must have something to say about them, if he hopes to command the attention of thoughtful men. Yet while we need not depreciate the service that has been rendered by preachers and professional theologians who have sought to put the facts of the religious life into the forms of the new philosophy, we must own our deeper obligation to the poets, by whose vision the spiritual realities have been most clearly discerned.

It was Wordsworth, perhaps, who gave us the first great contribution to the new religious thought by bringing home to us the fact that God is in his world, revealing himself now as clearly as in any of the past ages. The truth of the Divine immanence, which is the foundation of all the more positive religious thinking of to-day, and which is destined, when once its import has been fully grasped, to revolutionize our religious life, is made familiar to our thought in Wordsworth's poetry. To him it was simply an experience; in quite another sense than that in which

it was true of Spinoza, it might have been said of him that he was a "God-intoxicated man"; and although his clear English sense permitted no pantheistic merging of the human in the divine, but kept the individual consciousness clear for choice and duty, the realization of the presence of God made nature in his thought supernatural, and life sublime. To him, as Dr. Strong has said, it was plain that "imagination in man enables him to enter into the thought of God—the creative element in us is the medium through which we perceive the meaning of the Creator in his creation. The world without answers to the world within, because God is the soul of both."

"Such minds are truly from the Deity,
For they are Powers; and hence the highest bliss
That flesh can know is theirs,—the consciousness
Of whom they are, habitually infused
Through every image and through every thought,
And all affections by communion raised
From earth to heaven, from human to divine."

The mystical faith by which man is united to God can have no clearer confession. And in the great poem of "Tintern Abbey" this truth received an expression which has become classical; —it must be counted one of the greatest words of that continuing revelation by which the truths of religion are given permanent form:

"For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes

The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

We can hardly imagine that the religious experience of mankind will ever suffer these words to drop into forgetfulness; and it would seem that every passing generation must deepen their significance.

The same great testimony to the divine Presence in our lives is borne by many other witnesses in memorable words. Lowell's voice is clear:

"No man can think, nor in himself perceive,
Sometimes at waking, in the street sometimes,
Or on the hillside, always unforwarned,
A grace of being finer than himself,
That beckons and is gone,—a larger life
Upon his own impinging, with swift glimpse
Of spacious circles, luminous with mind,
To which the ethereal substance of his own
Seems but gross cloud to make that visible,
Touched to a sudden glory round the edge."

If to this central truth of religion,—the reality of the communion of the human spirit with the divine—the poets have borne such impressive

testimony, not less positively have they asserted many other of the great things of the spirit. Sometimes they have helped us to believe, by identifying themselves with us in our struggles with the doubts that loosen our hold on the great realities. No man of the last century has done more for Christian belief than Alfred Tennyson, albeit he has been a confessed doubter. But what he said of Arthur Hallam is quite as true of himself:

"He fought his doubts, and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them; thus he came at length,

To find a stronger faith his own,
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone."

Those words of his, so often quoted, are often sadly misused:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

When men make these words an excuse for an attitude of habitual negation and denial, assuming that it is better to doubt everything than to believe anything, they grossly pervert the poet's meaning. It is the *faith* that lives in honest doubt that his heart applauds. He is thinking of the fact that it is real faith in God which leads men to doubt the dogmas which misrepresent God. But conscious as he is of the shadow that lies

upon our field of vision, he is always insisting that it is in the light and not in the shadow that we must walk. Therefore, although demonstration is impossible, faith is rational. So do those great words of "The Ancient Sage" admonish us:

"Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one.
Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no,
Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay, my son,
Thou canst not prove that I who speak with thee,
Am not thyself in converse with thyself,
For nothing worthy proving can be proven
Nor yet disproven. Wherefore be thou wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!
She reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of 'Yes' and 'No,'
She sees the best that glimmers through the worst,
She feels the sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer through the winter bud,
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
She hears the lark within the songless egg,
She finds the fountain where they wailed 'Mirage!'"

This illustrates Tennyson's mental attitude. If all who plume themselves upon their doubts would put themselves into this posture of mind, they would find themselves in possession of a very substantial faith.

Tennyson has touched with light more than one problem of the soul. The little stanza beginning,

"Flower in the crannied wall"

has shown us how the mysteries of being are shared by the commonest lives; the short lyric "Wages" condenses into a few lines the strongest proof of the life to come; and "Crossing the Bar" has borne many a spirit in peace out to the boundless sea.

Robert Browning's robust faith helps us in a different way. His daring and triumphant optimism makes us ashamed of doubt. In "Abt Vogler," in "Rabbi Ben Ezra," in "Pompilia," in "Christmas Eve," we are caught up and carried onward by an unflinching and overcoming faith. Perhaps the most convincing arguments for religious reality in Browning's poems are those of "An Epistle" and of "Cleon," where the cry of the human soul for the assurance which the Christian faith supplies is given such a penetrating voice. And there is no reasoning about the Incarnation, in any theological book that I have ever read, which seems to me so cogent as that great passage in "Saul," where David cries:

"Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!"

But, after all, Browning's great hymns of faith are those in which he faces the future, like "Prospice," and the prologue of "La Saisiaz," and the epilogue of "Asolando,"—triumphant

songs, in which one of the healthiest-minded of human beings showed himself:

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake!"

It would be a grateful task to make extended record of the service rendered to religion by the great choir of singers whose names appear upon the pages of this book. To Elizabeth Barrett Browning our debt is large, though her note is oftenest plaintive and the faith which she illustrates is that by which suffering is turned to strength. Our own New England psalmist, also, has been to great multitudes a revealer and a comforter; few in any age have seen the central truths of Christianity more clearly, or felt them more deeply, or uttered them more convincingly. In such poems as "My Soul and I," "My Psalm," "Our Master," "The Eternal Goodness," "The Brewing of Soma," and "Andrew Ryckman's Prayer," Whittier has made the whole religious world his debtor.

How many more there are—of those whom the world reckons as the greater bards, and of those whom it assigns to lower places—to whom we have found ourselves indebted for the clearing of our vision or the quickening of our pulses, in our studies or our meditations upon the deepest questions of life! How many there are, whose faces

we never saw, but who by some luminous word, some strain vibrant with tenderness, some flash of insight, have endeared themselves to us forever! They are the friends of our spirits, ministers to us of the holiest things. They have clothed for us the highest truth in forms of beauty; they have made it winsome and real and dear and memorable. Is there anything better than this, that one man can do for another?

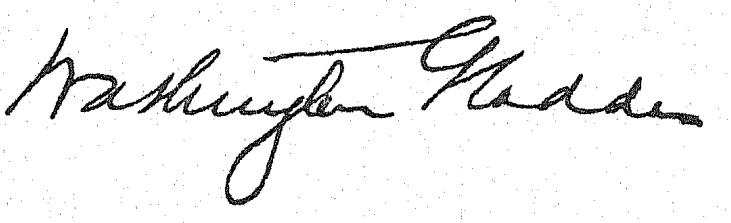


TABLE OF CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY:

"Religion and Poetry."

By *Washington Gladden* PAGE ix

POEMS OF THE HIGHER LIFE:

The Divine Element—(God, Christ, the Holy Spirit) 1
Prayer and Aspiration 111
Faith: Hope: Love: Service 136
Sabbath: Worship: Creed 190
Selections from "Paradise Lost" . . 262
Human Experience 275
Death: Immortality: Heaven 347
Selections from "The Divine Comedy" . 436

INDEX: Authors and Titles 447

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

JOHN MILTON *Frontispiece*
Photogravure from an engraving.

PAGE

THE CHILD JESUS IN THE TEMPLE . . . 3
One of Heinrich Hoffmann's wonderful scenes in the life of Christ: the earnest, wise-faced Boy, and the eager or doubtful but thoughtful Scribes and Doctors of the Law, are graphically depicted.

ISAAC WATTS 32
From a contemporary engraving.

THE HOLY NIGHT 52
"It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies."
From photogravure after a painting by Martin Feuerstein.

CHARLES WESLEY 80
From a contemporary engraving.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD 92
"Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?
Who is there?
'T is a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before."
From photo-carbon print after the painting by Holman Hunt.

SIR GALAHAD 166
"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."
From photogravure after the painting by George Frederick Watts.

PAGE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON 301

From a photogravure after life-photograph.

DINA M. MULOCK CRAIK 296

From a life-photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN . . . 306

"Two went to pray? O, rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray;
One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God."

From engraving by Brend'amour, after a design by Alexander Bida.

DANTE ALIGHIERI 436

After a photograph from the fresco by his friend Giotto, discovered under the whitewash on a wall of the Bargello palace; now in the Museo Nazionale, Florence, Italy.

POEMS OF THE HIGHER LIFE.

POEMS OF THE HIGHER LIFE.

I.

THE DIVINE ELEMENT.

SONG.

FROM "PIPPA PASSES."

THE year 's at the spring,
And day 's at the morn;
Morning 's at seven;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled;
The lark 's on the wing;
The snail 's on the thorn;
God 's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Long pored Saint Austin o'er the sacred page,
And doubt and darkness overspread his mind;
On God's mysterious being thought the Sage,
The Triple Person in one Godhead joined.
The more he thought, the harder did he find
To solve the various doubts which fast arose;
And as a ship, caught by imperious wind,

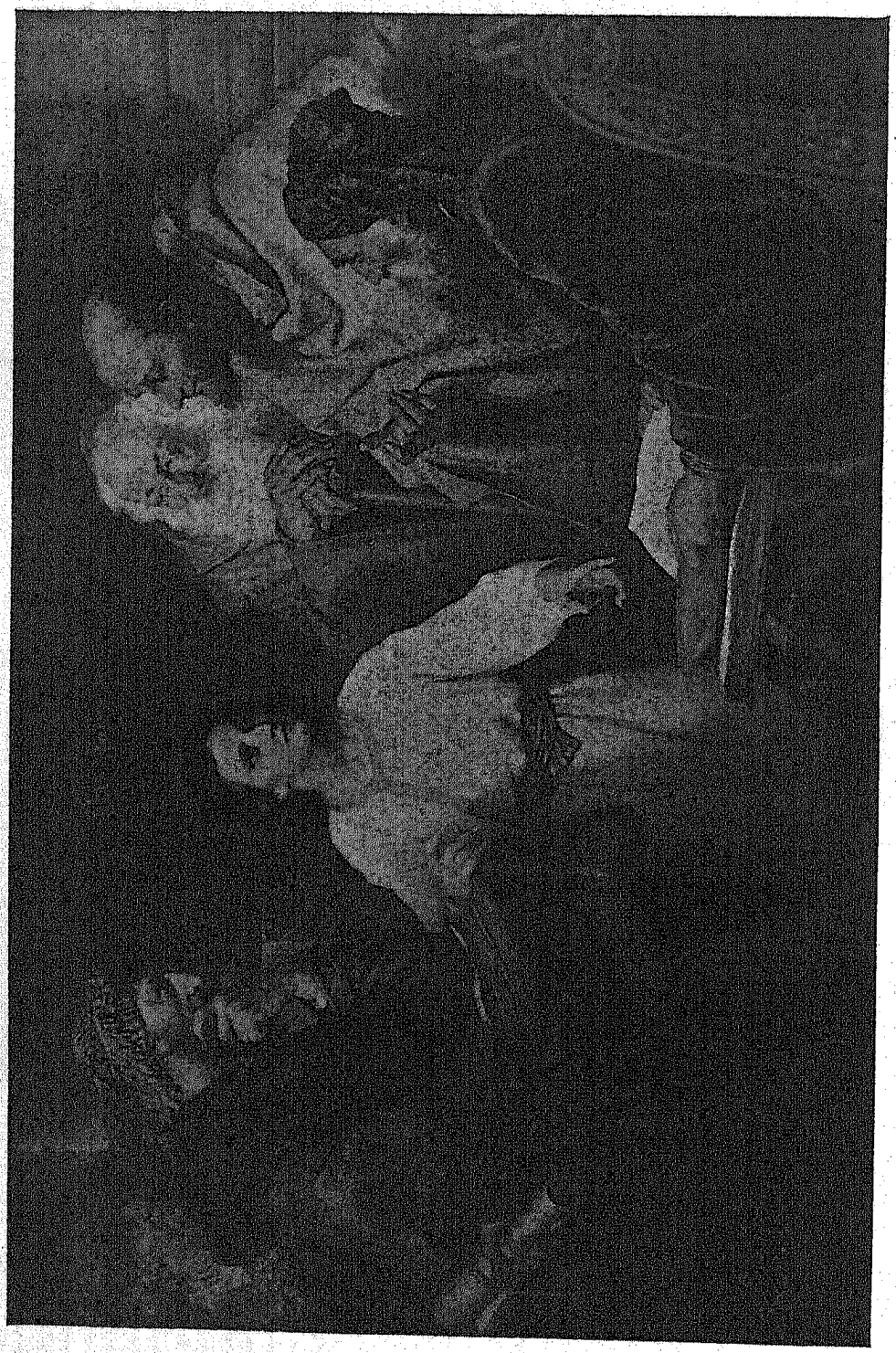
Tosses where chance its shattered body throws,
So tossed his troubled soul, and nowhere found repose.

Heated and feverish, then he closed his tome,
And went to wander by the ocean-side,
Where the cool breeze at evening loved to come,
Murmuring responsive to the murmuring tide;
And as Augustine o'er its margent wide
Strayed, deeply pondering the puzzling theme,
A little child before him he espied:
In earnest labor did the urchin seem,
Working with heart intent close by the sounding stream.

He looked, and saw the child a hole had scooped,
Shallow and narrow in the shining sand,
O'er which at work the laboring infant stooped,
Still pouring water in with busy hand.
The saint addressed the child in accents bland:
"Fair boy," quoth he, "I pray what toil is thine?
Let me its end and purpose understand."
The boy replied: "An easy task is mine,
To sweep into this hole all the wide ocean's brine."

"O foolish boy!" the saint exclaimed, "to hope
That the broad ocean in that hole should lie!"
"O foolish saint!" exclaimed the boy; "thy scope
Is still more hopeless than the toil I ply,
Who think'st to comprehend God's nature high
In the small compass of thine human wit!
Sooner, Augustine, sooner far, shall I
Confine the ocean in this tiny pit,
Than finite minds conceive God's nature infinite!"

ANONYMOUS.



MEDITATIONS OF A HINDU PRINCE.

ALL the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a God?
Westward across the ocean, and Northward across the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know?

Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusts of a gathering storm;
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,
As they bow to a mystic symbol, or the figures of ancient kings;
And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the hills;
Above is the sky, and around us the sound of the shot that kills;

Pushed by a power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hollow and grim,
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the twilight dim;
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain crest,—
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful guide?
The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the mountain side,
Forever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted breath
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the fruit of an ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who died in flame;
They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits who guard our race:
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols round me, and the legion of muttering priests,

The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!
What have they rung from the Silence? Hath even a whisper come
Of the secret, Whence and Whither? Alas! for the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come from the uttermost sea?
"The Secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message to me?"
It is naught but the wide-world story how the earth and the heavens began,
How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once was man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,
They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the unknown main—"
Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break?
Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?

Is there naught in the heaven above, whence the
hail and the levin are hurled,
But the wind that is swept around us by the rush
of the rolling world?
The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me
to silence and sleep
With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and
voices of women who weep.

SIR ALFRED COMYNS LYALL.

BRAHMA.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HYMN TO ZEUS.

Most glorious of all the Undying, many-named,
girt round with awe!
Jove, author of Nature, applying to all things the
rudder of law—
Hail! Hail! for it justly rejoices the races whose
life is a span
To lift unto thee their voices—the Author and
Framer of man.
For we are thy sons; thou didst give us the sym-
bols of speech at our birth,
Alone of the things that live, and mortal move
upon earth.
Wherefore thou shalt find me extolling and ever
singing thy praise;
Since thee the great Universe, rolling on its path
round the world, obeys:—
Obeys thee, wherever thou guidest, and gladly is
bound in thy bands,
So great is the power thou confidest, with strong,
invincible hands,
To thy mighty ministering servant, the bolt of the
thunder, that flies,
Two-edged like a sword, and fervent, that is liv-
ing and never dies.
All nature, in fear and dismay, doth quake in the
path of its stroke,
What time thou preparest the way for the one
Word thy lips have spoke,
Which blends with lights smaller and greater,
which pervadeth and thrilleth all things,

So great is thy power and thy nature—in the Universe Highest of Kings!
On earth, of all deeds that are done, O God! there is none without thee;
In the holy ether not one, nor one on the face of the sea,
Save the deeds that evil men, driven by their own blind folly, have planned;
But things that have grown uneven are made even again by thy hand;
And things unseemly grow seemly, the unfriendly are friendly to thee;
For no good and evil supremely thou hast blended in one by decree.
For all thy decree is one ever—a Word that endureth for aye,
Which mortals, rebellious, endeavor to flee from and shun to obey—
Ill-fated, that, worn with proneness for the lordship of goodly things,
Neither hear nor behold, in its oneness, the law that divinity brings;
Which men with reason obeying, might attain unto glorious life,
No longer aimlessly straying in the paths of ignoble strife.
There are men with a zeal unblest, that are wearied with following of fame,
And men with a baser quest, that are turned to lucre and shame.
There are men too that pamper and pleasure the flesh with delicate stings:

All these desire beyond measure to be other than
all these things.
Great Jove, all-giver, dark-clouded, great Lord of
the thunderbolt's breath!
Deliver the men that are shrouded in ignorance
dismal as death.
O Father! dispel from their souls the darkness,
and grant them the light
Of reason, thy stay, when the whole wide world
thou rulest with might,
That we, being honored, may honor thy name with
the music of hymns,
Extolling the deeds of the Donor, unceasing, as
rightly beseems
Mankind; for no worthier trust is awarded to
God or to man
Than forever to glory with justice in the law that
endures and is One.

From the Greek of CLEANTHES.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to
be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee, the Father ever-
lasting.
To thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens, and
all the powers therein.
To thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do
cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of thy Glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise thee.
The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.
The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee;
The Father of an infinite Majesty;
Thine adorable, true, and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be born of a Virgin.
When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the Glory of the Father.
We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.
We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with thy Saints, in glory everlasting.
O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.
Govern them, and lift them up for ever.
Day by day we magnify thee;
And we worship thy Name ever, world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.*

Version of the
AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH PRAYER-BOOK.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

*This venerable hymn, familiar as a part of the morning service in the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal Churches, and on special occasions in many Protestant Churches, has usually been ascribed to the great St. Ambrose of Milan and St. Augustine, his greater convert, in the year 387 A.D. But, like other productions of mighty influence, it was doubtless a growth. Portions of it appear in the writings of St. Cyprian (252 A.D.) and others in still earlier liturgical forms of the Greek Church in Alexandria during the century previous. It is thus probably the earliest, as it is certainly the most universal and famous, of Christian hymns. It was translated from the Latin into English in 1549 for the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, which assumed its present form in 1660—during that wonderful era which gave us the English Bible, with its unapproached majesty and music of language.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride
And impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quickened by thy breath;
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;
 All else beneath the sun,
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all Being raise,
 All Nature incense rise!

ALEXANDER POPE.

ODE.

FROM "THE SPECTATOR."

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,

And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine!"

JOSEPH ADDISON.

LORD! WHEN THOSE GLORIOUS LIGHTS I SEE.

HYMN AND PRAYER FOR THE USE OF BELIEVERS.

LORD! when those glorious lights I see
With which thou hast adorned the skies,
Observing how they movèd be,
And how their splendor fills mine eyes,
Methinks it is too large a grace,
But that thy love ordained it so,—
That creatures in so high a place
Should servants be to man below.

The meanest lamp now shining there
In size and lustre doth exceed
The noblest of thy creatures here,
And of our friendship hath no need.

Yet these upon mankind attend
 For secret aid or public light;
And from the world's extremest end
 Repair unto us every night.

O, had that stamp been undefaced
 Which first on us thy hand had set,
How highly should we have been graced,
 Since we are so much honored yet!
Good God, for what but for the sake
 Of thy beloved and only Son,
Who did on him our nature take,
 Were these exceeding favors done?

As we by him have honored been,
 Let us to him due honors give;
Let us uprightness hide our sin,
 And let us worth from him receive.
Yea, so let us by grace improve
 What thou by nature doth bestow,
That to thy dwelling-place above
 We may be raisèd from below.

GEORGE WITHER.

HYMN

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above,

Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black—
An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the mean while, wast blending with my thought,—
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,—
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing, there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald,—wake, O, wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God!—let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me,—Rise, O, ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE HILLS OF THE LORD.

God ploughed one day with an earthquake,
And drove his furrows deep!
The huddling plains upstarted,
The hills were all a-leap!

But that is the mountains' secret,
Age-hidden in their breast;

"God's peace is everlasting,"
Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
The home elect of his grace;
He spreadeth his mornings on them,
His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music
Of footfalls echoing long,
And carry majestic greeting
Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them,
Wild storm-news from the main;
They sing it down to the valleys
In the love-song of the rain.

Green tribes from far come trooping,
And over the uplands flock;
He weaveth the zones together
In robes for his risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers;
Nests for his flying cloud;
Homesteads for new-born races,
Masterful, free, and proud.

The people of tired cities
Come up to their shrines and pray;
God freshens again within them,
As he passes by all day.

And lo, I have caught their secret,
The beauty deeper than all,
This faith—that life's hard moments,
When the jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God ploughing his mountains;
And the mountains yet shall be
The source of his grace and freshness
And his peace everlasting to me.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

SUNRISE.

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade;
"Thanks be to Heaven," in happy mood I said,
"What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the east hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! We are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
His lustre pierces through the midnight glooms,
And at prime hours, behold! he follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms."

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

GOD AND MAN.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN," EPISTLES I AND IV.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind:
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way:
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence:
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,—
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man 's unhappy, God 's unjust,—
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,

Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent:
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear—Whatever is, is right.

.

Order is Heaven's first law: and, this confest,
Some are and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common-sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing:
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence or who defend,
In him who is or him who finds a friend;
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.

ALEXANDER POPE.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense.
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

GOD.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide—
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!
Thou only God—there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none explore!
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone—
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try

To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord! in Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole Origin—all life, all beauty Thine;
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shall be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround—
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze;
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss—
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—

Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
 And what am I then?—Heaven's unnumbered
 host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
 Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought
 Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
 Eager towards Thy presence—for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,
 Even to the throne of Thy divinity;
 I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—Thou art!
 Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
 Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand!
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their
 birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me—
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
 I can command the lightning and am dust!
A monarch and a slave—a worm, a god!
 Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy;
 For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
 Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 Even to its source, to Thee, its author there.

Oh thoughts ineffable! oh visions blest!
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee.
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to Thy deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar.
 Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

From the Russian of GAVRÍĹ ROMÁNOVITCH DERSHÁVIN.
Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

A TRODDEN daisy, from the sward,
With tearful eye I took,
And on its ruined glories I,
With moving heart, did look;
For, crushed and broken though it was,
That little flower was fair;
And oh! I loved the dying bud,
For God was there!

I stood upon the sea-beat shore,
The waves came rushing on;
The tempest raged in giant wrath,
The light of day was gone.
The sailor from his drowning bark
Sent up his dying prayer;
I looked amid the ruthless storm,
And God was there!

I sought a lonely, woody dell,
Where all things soft and sweet,
Birds, flowers, and trees, and running streams,
Mid bright sunshine did meet:
I stood beneath an old oak's shade,
And summer round was fair;
I gazed upon the peaceful scene,
And God was there!

I saw a home—a happy home—
Upon a bridal day,
And youthful hearts were blithesome there,
And aged hearts were gay:

I sat amid the smiling band
 Where all so blissful were—
Among the bridal maidens sweet—
 And God was there!

I stood beside an infant's couch,
 When light had left its eye—
I saw the mother's bitter tears,
 I heard her woful cry—
I saw her kiss its fair pale face,
 And smooth its yellow hair;
And oh, I loved the mourner's home,
 For God was there!

I sought a cheerless wilderness—
 A desert, pathless wild—
Where verdure grew not by the streams,
 Where beauty never smiled;
Where desolation brooded o'er
 A muirland lone and bare,
And awe upon my spirit crept,
 For God was there!

I looked upon the lowly flower,
 And on each blade of grass;
Upon the forests, wide and deep,
 I saw the tempests pass:
I gazed on all created things
 In earth, in sea, and air;
Then bent the knee—for God, in love,
 Was everywhere!

ROBERT NICOLL.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll,—
I feel thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.
In ocean cave, still safe with Thee
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA HART WILLARD.

GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, proud world, I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

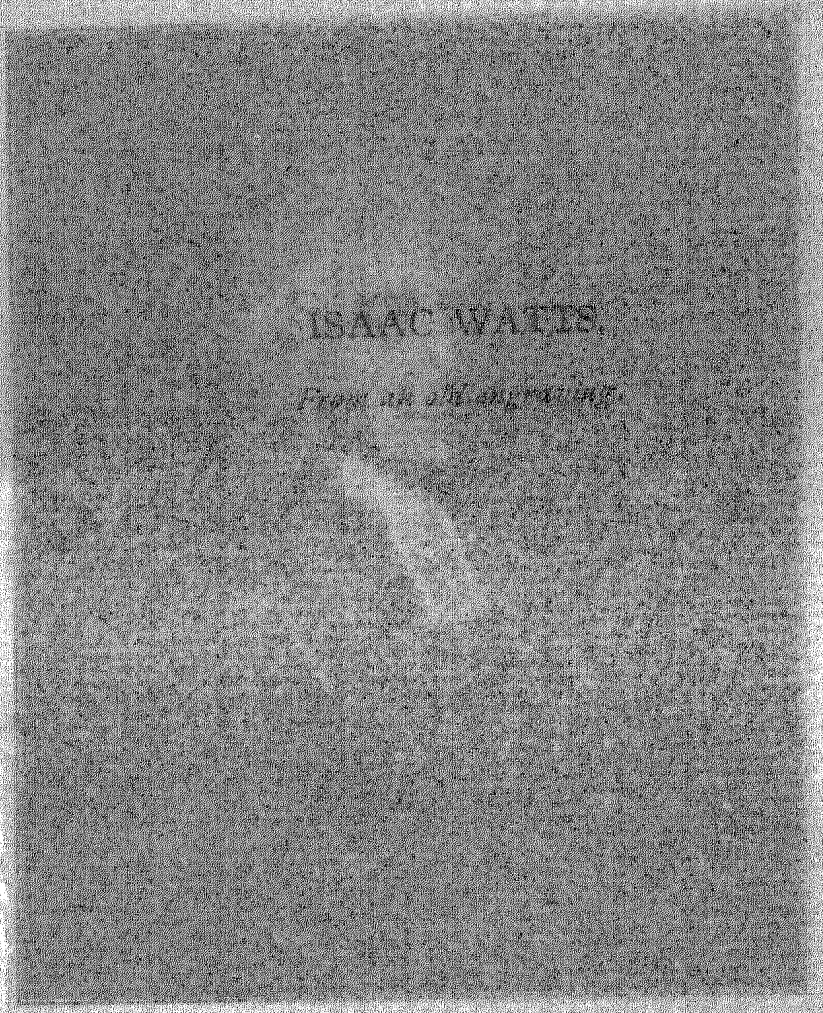
Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

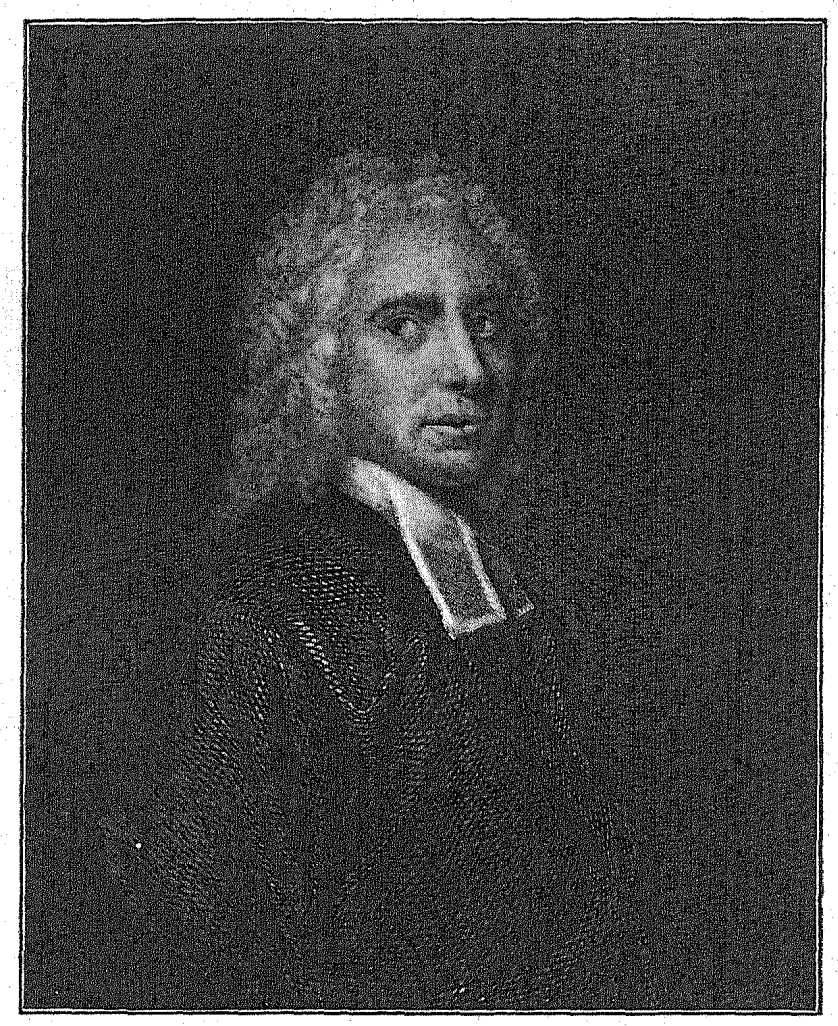
A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.


ISAAC WATTS.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?



Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with equal hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he,
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.
Translation of FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

DELIGHT IN GOD.

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the earth,—
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee?
Or what 's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air,—her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what 's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee?

I love the sea,—she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heaven, great God, compared to thee?
Without thy presence, heaven 's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection;
 Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence, air 's a rank infection;
 Without thy presence, heaven 's itself no pleasure:
 If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee,
 What 's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast
 Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are, at most,
 But dying sparkles of thy living fire;
 The loudest flames that earth can kindle be
 But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
 Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet—sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
 Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;
 Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
 Nor have their being, when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
 Not having thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
 And having thee alone, what have I not?
 I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
 Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of thee!

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessèd rule
Of our Saviour's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of his heart
Those three and thirty years.

And he hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee,
A love to lose my will in his,
And by that loss be free.

I love to see thee bring to naught
The plans of wily men;
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
Oh, thou art loveliest then.

The headstrong world it presses hard
Upon the church full oft,
And then how easily thou turn'st
The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear thee, blessèd will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to thee.

I know not what it is to doubt,
 My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for, come what will,
 Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessèd will!
 For all my cares are thine:
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou
 Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
 From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
 And gayly waits on thee.

Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
 Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
 More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on, triumphantly,
 Thou glorious will, ride on!
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
 The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
 To him no chance is lost;

God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblessed good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE VOYAGE.

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone:
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within his sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea!
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us, safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within!

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

PRAISE TO GOD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days—
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ!

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse—

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to Thee, my God, we owe—
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear—
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit—

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store—
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall—

Should Thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise,
And when every blessing 's flown,
Love Thee—for Thyself alone.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on!

I loved the garish days, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
 Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
 The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
 His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
 The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
 A world of pain and loss:
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
 And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
 Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
 Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
 I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
 A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
 I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
 The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
 And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
 I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above,
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

STRONG SON OF GOD, IMMORTAL LOVE.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM," INTRODUCTION.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
 Thou madest man, he knows not why;
 He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
 Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
 They have their day and cease to be:
 They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
 For knowledge is of things we see;
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
 We mock thee when we do not fear:
 But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
 What seemed my worth since I began;
 For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
 I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth;
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
 How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
 The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
 The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
 Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
 And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
 Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
 Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
 And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given!

So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,

And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

EPIPHANY.

"We have seen his star in the east."
—MATTHEW ii. 2.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

REGINALD HEBER.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal king,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring—
 For so the holy sages once did sing—
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council-table
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome Him to this His new abode—
 Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet!
Oh! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
 Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,

And join thy voice unto the angel choir,
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed
fire.

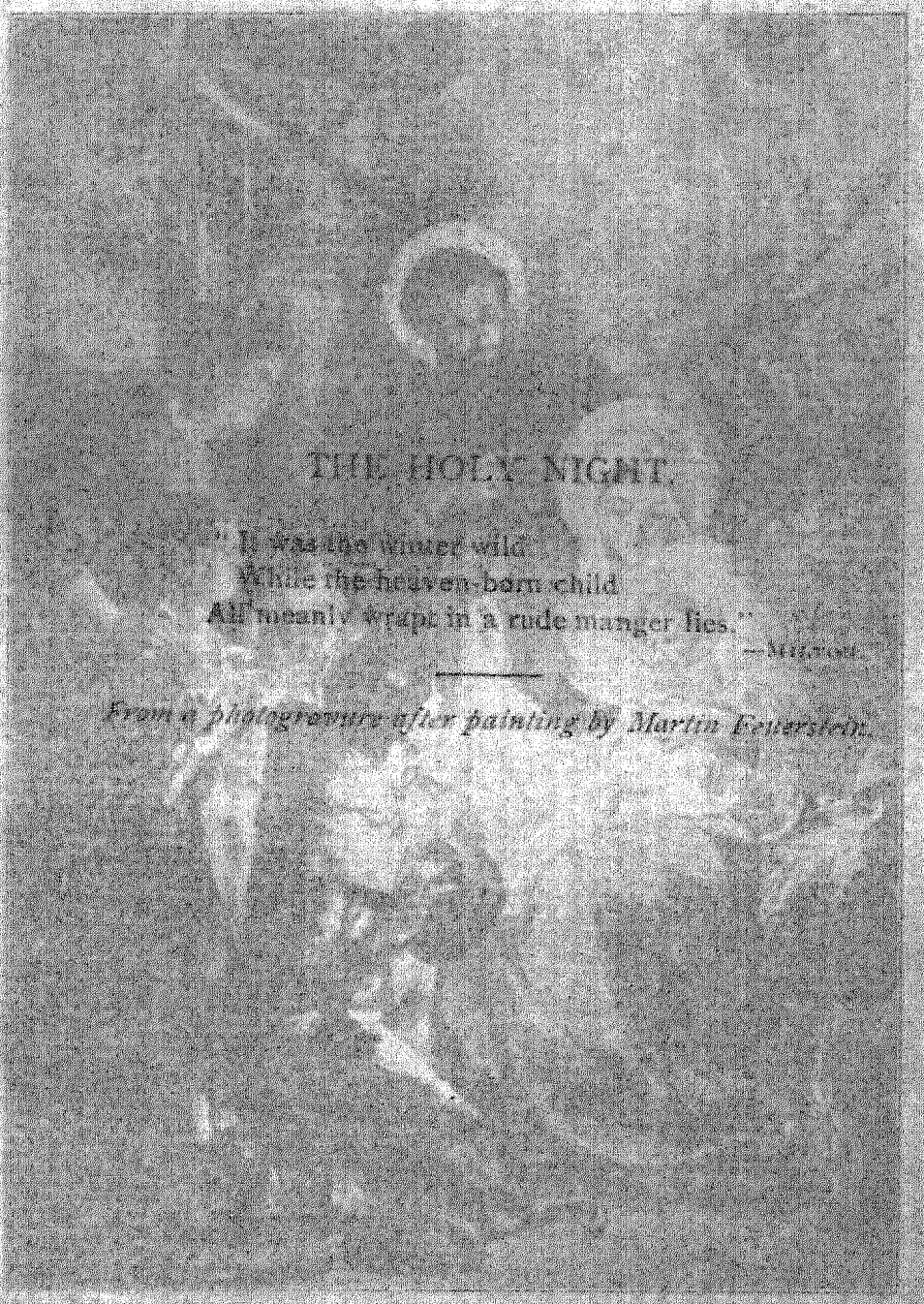
THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies—
Nature, in awe to Him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw—
Confounded that her maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

Nor war, nor battle's sound,
Was heard the world around—



THE HOLY NIGHT.

"It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in a rude manger lies."
—Milton.

From a photogravure after painting by Martin Feuerstein.

choir,

and with hallowed

THE HOLY NIGHT

" It was the winter wild

While the heaven-born child

All meanly wrapt in a rude manger lies—

To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,

And her with modest eyes

From her shamefast face blots and deformities.

Peace;

softly sliding

dividing;

sea and land.



The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need;

He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook—
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
The helmèd cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born heir—

Such music as ('tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;

And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, truth and justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest fate says No—
This must not yet be so;
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both Himself and us to glorify.
Yet first to those ye chained in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smould'ring clouds outbrake;
The aged earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake—
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is—
But now begins: for from this happy day
The old dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb:
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The lares and lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn—
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain, with cymbal's ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast—
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis—haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud,
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest—
Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain, with timbrelled anthems dark,
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand—

The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide—
Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine;
Our babe, to show His God-head true,
Can in His swaddling-bands control the damnèd crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail—
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see the virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest—
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

MILTON.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.

No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought;
The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why;
The world was listening, unawares.

How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever—
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born,
 The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMETT.

TRYSTE NOËL.

THE Ox he openeth wide the Doore
 And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her smile therefore,
 Our Ladye without Sinne.
 Now soone from Sleepe
 A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;
 Amen, Amen:
But oh, the place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath husht his voyce and bent
 Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
 The Blessed lays her Browe.

Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell;
Amen, Amen:
But sore am I with Vaine Travèl!

The Ox is host in Juda's stall,
And Host of more than onelie one,
For close she gathereth withal
Our Lorde her littel Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there,
Amen, Amen:
Between her Bosom and His hayre!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

A BALLAD.

THERE's a legend that 's told of a gypsy who dwelt
In the lands where the pyramids be;
And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her belt
With devices right wondrous to see;
And she lived in the days when our Lord was a child
On his mother's immaculate breast;
When he fled from his foes,—when to Egypt exiled,
He went down with Saint Joseph the blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,
And the future was given to her gaze;
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx
On her threshold kept vigil always.

She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd;
But communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs, I ween,
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,
With a maid on a mule by that road;
And a child on her bosom reclined, and the way
Let them straight to the gypsy's abode;
And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome path,
From thence many, many a league,—
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,
Spent with toil and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gypsy came forth from her dwelling, and prayed
That the pilgrims would rest them awhile;
And she offered her couch to that delicate maid,
Who had come many, many a mile.
And she fondled the babe with affection's caress,
And she begged the old man would repose;
"Here the stranger," she said, "ever finds free access,
And the wanderer balm for his woes."

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday she led
To a seat in her grotto so cool;
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits, and a shed,
With a manger, was found for the mule;

With the wine of the palm-tree, with dates newly culled,
All the toil of the day she beguiled;
And with song in a language mysterious she lulled
On her bosom the wayfaring child.

When the gypsy anon in her Ethiop hand
Took the infant's diminutive palm,
O, 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned
Of the babe in his slumbers so calm!
Well she noted each mark and each furrow that crossed
O'er the tracings of destiny's line:
"WHENCE CAME YE?" she cried, in astonishment lost,
"FOR THIS CHILD IS OF LINEAGE DIVINE!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,
"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew,
We have fled from a tyrant whose garment is dyed
In the gore of the children he slew:
We were told to remain till an angel's command
Should appoint us the hour to return;
But till then we inhabit the foreigners' land,
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me," cried the gypsy in joy,
"And ye make of my dwelling your home;
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite boy
(Blessèd hope of the Gentiles!) would come."
And she kissed both the feet of the infant and knelt,
And adored him at once; then a smile

Lit the face of his mother, who cheerfully dwelt
With her host on the bank of the Nile.

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY (*Father Prout*).

CANA.

DEAR Friend! whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine;

Come, visit us! and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turned to wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us, to make
Life's water glow as wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits, when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine nor thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

THE LOST SHEEP.

("THE NINETY AND NINE.")

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountain wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'T is of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

ELIZABETH CECILIA CLEPHANE.

DE SHEEPFOL'.

De massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
Oh den, says de hirelin' shepa'd:
"Dey 's some, dey 's black and thin,
And some, dey 's po' ol' wedda's;
But de res', dey 's all brung in.
But de res', dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in the gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf',
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,

De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

SARAH PRATT M'LEAN GREENE.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD WITH THE KID.

He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save.
So rang Tertullian's sentence, on the side
Of that unpitying Phrygian Sect which cried:
"Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave,

Who sins, once washed by the baptismal wave."—
So spake the fierce Tertullian. But she sighed,
The infant Church! of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.

And then she smiled; and in the Catacombs,
With eye suffused but heart inspired true,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid

Her head in ignominy, death, and tombs,
She her good Shepherd's hasty image drew—
And on his shoulders, not a lamb, a kid.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TWO SAYINGS.

Two sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat
Like pulses in the Church's brow and breast;
And by them we find rest in our unrest,
And heart-deep in salt tears, do yet entreat

God's fellowship, as if on heavenly seat.
The first is *Jesus wept,* whereon is prest
Full many a sobbing face that drops its best
And sweetest waters on the record sweet:
And one is, where the Christ denied and scorned
Looked upon Peter. Oh, to render plain,
By help of having loved a little and mourned,
That look of sovran love and sovran pain
Which he who could not sin yet suffered, turned
On him who could reject but not sustain!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER.

INTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came.

SIDNEY LANIER.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

Stood the afflicted mother weeping,
Near the cross her station keeping
Whereon hung her Son and Lord;
Through whose spirit sympathizing,
Sorrowing and agonizing,
Also passed the cruel sword.

Oh! how mournful and distressèd
Was that favored and most blessèd
Mother of the only Son,
Trembling, grieving, bosom heaving,
While perceiving, scarce believing,
Pains of that Illustrious One!

Who the man, who, called a brother,
Would not weep, saw he Christ's mother
In such deep distress and wild?
Who could not sad tribute render
Witnessing that mother tender
Agonizing with her child?

For his people's sins atoning,
Him she saw in torments groaning,
Given to the scourger's rod;
Saw her darling offspring dying,
Desolate, forsaken, crying,
Yield his spirit up to God.

Make me feel thy sorrow's power,
That with thee I tears may shower,
Tender mother, fount of love!

Make my heart with love unceasing
Burn toward Christ the Lord, that pleasing
I may be to him above.

Holy mother, this be granted,
That the slain one's wounds be planted
Firmly in my heart to bide.
Of him wounded, all astounded—
Depths unbounded for me sounded—
All the pangs with me divide.

Make me weep with thee in union;
With the Crucified, communion
In his grief and suffering give;
Near the cross, with tears unfailing,
I would join thee in thy wailing
Here as long as I shall live.

Maid of maidens, all excelling!
Be not bitter, me repelling;
Make thou me a mourner too;
Make me bear about Christ's dying,
Share his passion, shame defying;
All his wounds in me renew.

Wound for wound be there created;
With the cross intoxicated
For thy Son's dear sake, I pray—
May I, fired with pure affection,
Virgin, have through thee protection
In the solemn Judgment Day.

Let me by the cross be warded,
By the death of Christ be guarded,
Nourished by divine supplies.

When the body death hath riven,
Grant that to the soul be given
Glories bright of Paradise.

From the Latin of FRA JACOPONE.
Translation of ABRAHAM COLES.

MYRRH-BEARERS.*

THREE women crept at break of day
A-grope along the shadowy way
Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay.

With blanch of woe each face was white,
As the gray Orient's waxing light
Brought back upon their awe-struck sight

The sixth-day scene of anguish. Fast
The starkly standing cross they passed,
And, breathless, neared the gate at last.

Each on her throbbing bosom bore
A burden of such fragrant store
As never there had lain before.

Spices, the purest, richest, best,
That e'er the musky East possessed,
From Ind to Araby-the-Blest,

Had they with sorrow-riven hearts
Searched all Jerusalem's costliest marts
In quest of,—nards whose pungent arts

* *Myrophores*, a name given to the Marys, in Greek Christian art.

Should the dead sepulchre imbue
With vital odors through and through:
'T was all their love had leave to do!

Christ did not need their gifts; and yet
Did either Mary once regret
Her offering? Did Salome fret

Over the unused aloes? Nay!
They counted not as waste, that day,
What they had brought their Lord. The way

Home seemed the path to heaven. They bare,
Thenceforth, about the robes they ware
The clinging perfume everywhere.

So, ministering as erst did these,
Go women forth by twos and threes
(Unmindful of their morning ease),

Through tragic darkness, murk and dim,
Where'er they see the faintest rim,
Of promise,—all for sake of him

Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold
It just such joy as those of old,
To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh-bearers still,—at home, abroad,
What paths have holy women trod,
Burdened with votive gifts for God,—

Rare gifts whose chiefest worth was priced
By this one thought, that all sufficed:
Their spices had been bruised for Christ!

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,—
O, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy helpless infant years;
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,—
Turn, O, turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,—
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,

Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,—
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

THE CHRIST.

He might have reared a palace at a word,
Who sometimes had not where to lay His head.
Time was when He who nourished crowds with bread,
Would not one meal unto Himself afford.
He healed another's scratch, His own side bled;
Side, hands and feet with cruel piercings gored.
Twelve legions girded with angelic sword
Stood at His beck, the scorned and buffeted.
Oh, wonderful the wonders left undone!
Yet not more wonderful than those He wrought!
Oh, self-restraint, surpassing human thought!
To have all power, yet be as having none!
Oh, self-denying love, that thought alone
For needs of others, never for its own!

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwelt with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings:
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY. FRANCIS LYTE.

THE DISCIPLES AFTER THE ASCENSION.

He is gone! beyond the skies,
A cloud receives him from our eyes:
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight:
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place:
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone; and we return,
And our hearts within us burn;
Olivet no more shall greet
With welcome shout his coming feet:
Never shall we track him more
On Gennesareth's glistening shore:
Never in that look or voice
Shall Zion's walls again rejoice.

He is gone; and we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which he has left,
On this earth of him bereft,
We have still his work to do,
We can still his path pursue:
Seek him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves his image show.

He is gone; we heard him say,
"Good that I should go away";
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone his present grace;
Though himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be;
No! his Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone; towards their goal
World and church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast;
Still his words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone; but we once more
Shall behold him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth he went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us he will prepare:
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone; but not in vain,—
Wait until he comes again:
He is risen, he is not here;
Far above this earthly sphere:
Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in him we find,
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

WRESTLING JACOB.

FIRST PART.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
 To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

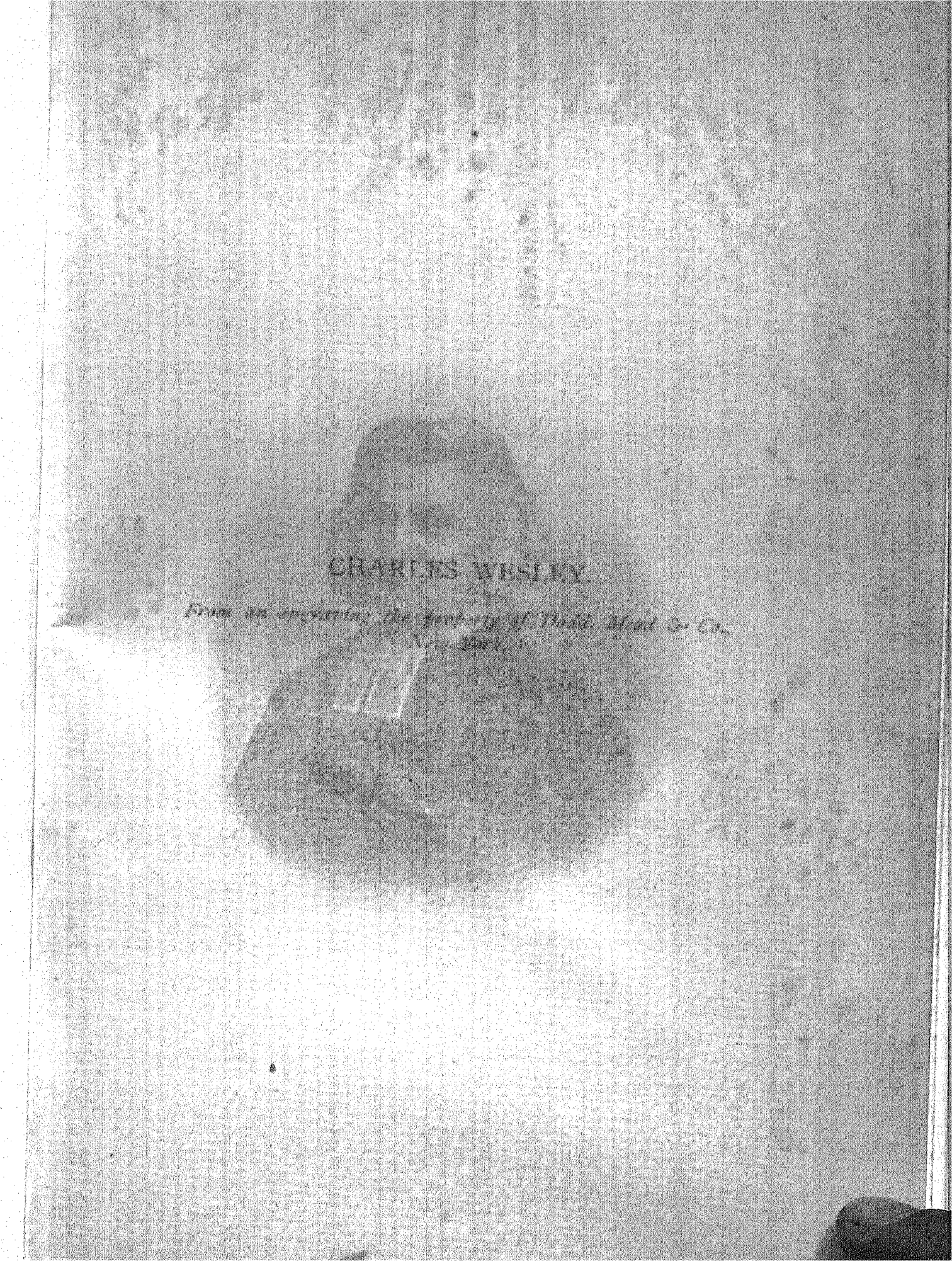
What though my shrinking flesh complain
 And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
 When I am weak, then am I strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

SECOND PART.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
 Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

'T is Love! 't is Love! Thou diedst for me;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
 Pure, universal Love thou art;
To me, to all, thy bowels move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
 I see thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.


CHARLES WESLEY
From an engraving, the property of Hurd, Houghton & Co.,
New York

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
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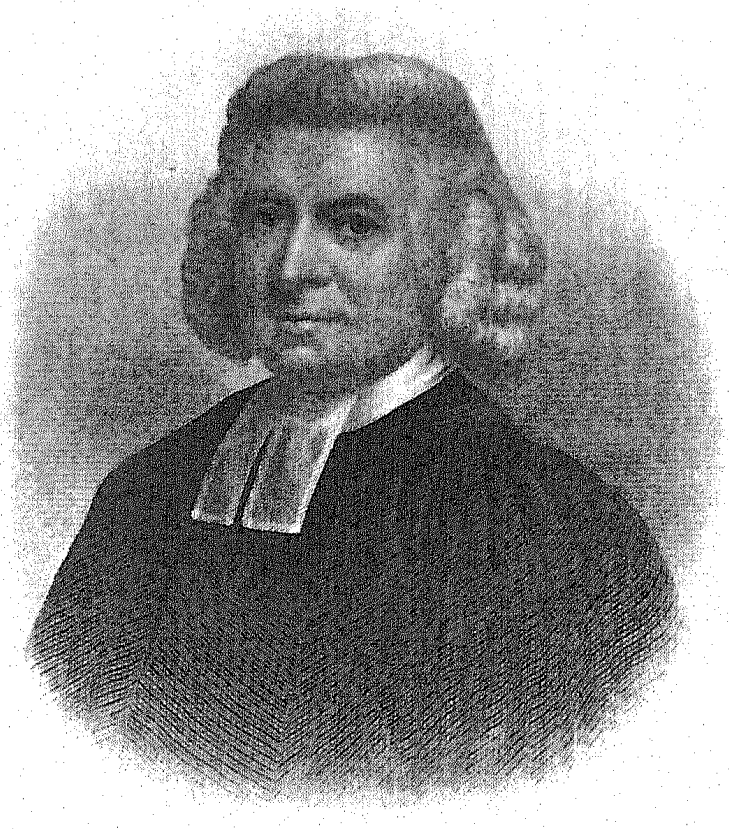
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And murmur to contend so long?
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When I am weak, then am I strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

SECOND PART.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
[illegible]

[illegible] for me;
[illegible];
[illegible] shadows flee;
[illegible] thou art;
[illegible] bowels move;
[illegible] thy name is Love.

[illegible] power with God; the grace
[illegible] I now receive;
[illegible] Faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.



I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath risen, with healing in his wings;
Withered my nature's strength; from thee
 My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
 I halt till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
 Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THE CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL.

The midday sun, with fiercest glare,
Broods over the hazy, twinkling air;
Along the level sand
The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise
To greet yon wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,
So steadily he speeds,
With lips firm closed and fixèd eye,
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him poured,
As though all Heaven's refulgent hoard
In one rich glory shone?
One moment,—and to earth he falls:
What voice his inmost heart appalls?—
Voice heard by him alone.

For to the rest both words and form
Seem lost in lightning and in storm,
While Saul, in wakeful trance,
Sees deep within that dazzling field
His persecuted Lord revealed
With keen yet pitying glance:

And hears the meek upbraiding call
As gently on his spirit fall,
As if the Almighty Son

Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,
Nor had proclaimed his royal birth,
Nor his great power begun.

"Ah! wherefore persecut'st thou me?"
He heard and saw, and sought to free
His strained eye from the sight:
But Heaven's high magic bound it there,
Still gazing, though untaught to bear
The insufferable light.

"Who art thou, Lord?" he falters forth:—
So shall Sin ask of heaven and earth
At the last awful day
"When did we see thee suffering nigh,
And passed thee with unheeding eye?
Great God of judgment, say!"

Ah! little dream our listless eyes
What glorious presence they despise
While, in our noon of life,
To power or fame we rudely press.—
Christ is at hand, to scorn or bless,
Christ suffers in our strife.

And though heaven's gates long since have closed,
And our dear Lord in bliss reposed,
High above mortal ken,
To every ear in every land
(Though meek ears only understand)
He speaks as he did then.

"Ah! wherefore persecute ye me?
'T is hard, ye so in love should be
With your own endless woe.

Know, though at God's right hand I live,
I feel each wound ye reckless give
To the least saint below.

"I in your care my brethren left,
Not willing ye should be bereft
Of waiting on your Lord.
The meanest offering ye can make—
A drop of water—for love's sake,
In heaven, be sure, is stored."

Oh, by those gentle tones and dear,
When thou hast stayed our wild career,
Thou only hope of souls,
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,
But in the thought of Jesus find
What every thought controls.

As to thy last Apostle's heart
Thy lightning glance did then impart
Zeal's never-dying fire,
So teach us on thy shrine to lay
Our hearts, and let them day by day
Intenser blaze and higher.

And as each mild and winning note
(Like pulses that round harp-strings float
When the full strain is o'er)
Left lingering on his inward ear
Music, that taught, as death drew near,
Love's lesson more and more:

So, as we walk our earthly round,
Still may the echo of that sound
Be in our memory stored:

"Christians, behold your happy state;
Christ is in these who round you wait;
Make much of your dear Lord!"

JOHN KEBLE.

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Such hymns are never forgotten. They cling to us through our whole life. We carry them with us upon our journey. We sing them in the forest. The workman follows the plough with sacred songs. Children catch them, and singing only for the joy it gives them now, are yet laying up for all their life food of the sweetest joy."—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung.
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune,—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee:"
Felt her soul no need to hide,—
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer,—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
'T was a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer,—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"—
Lips grown agèd sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully
Like a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have passed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest,—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be,—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

EDWARD H. RICE.

ART THOU WEARY?

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

From the Latin of SAINT STEPHEN THE SABAITE.
Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS AROUND I VIEW.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

FROM "AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE."

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
And ravisht with devouring great desire

Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compared to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soule inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts farre above humane skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainely see
The idee of his pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enragement of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,

Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way
 The holiest know; Light, Life, the Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
 Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

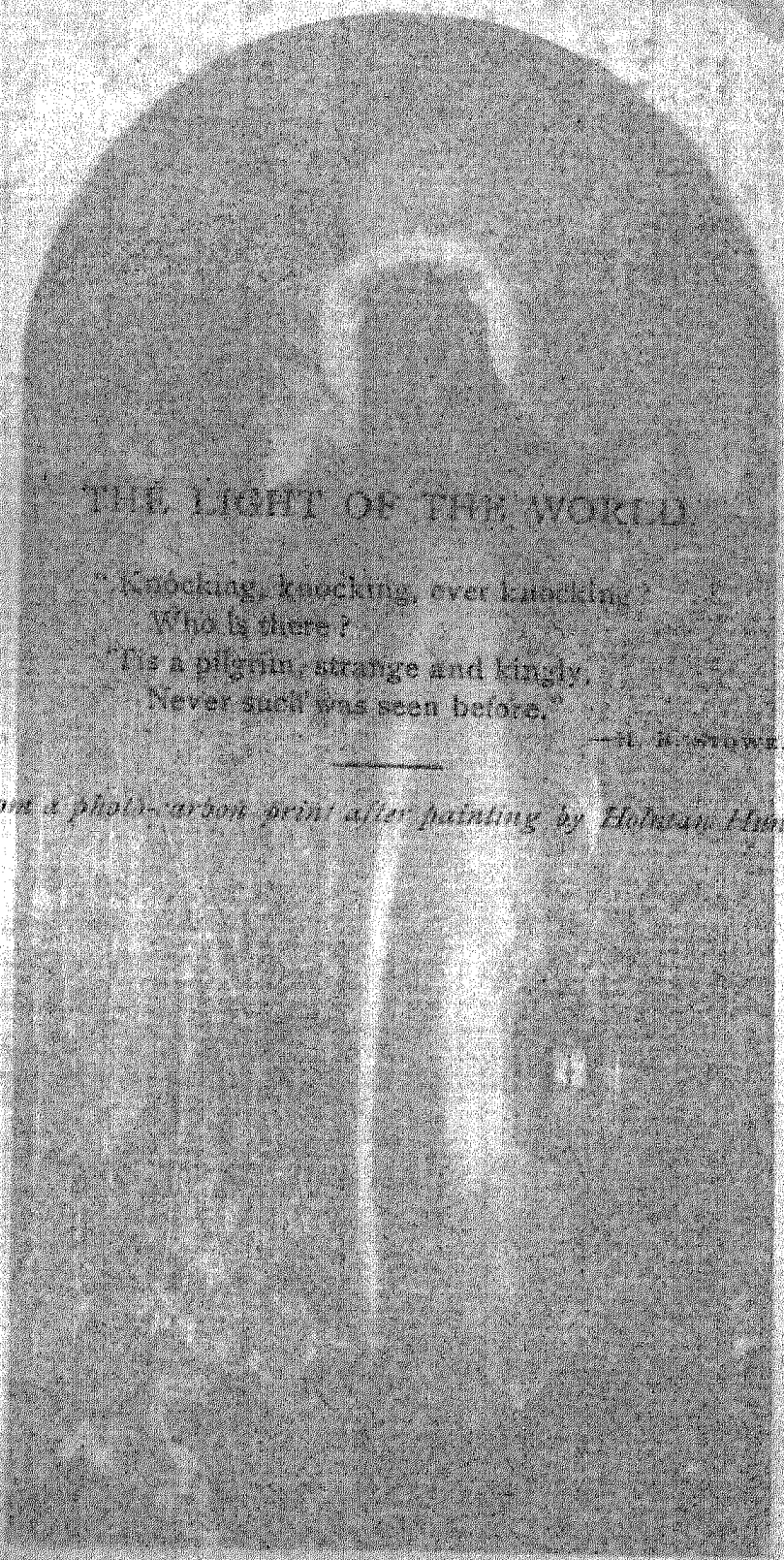
THEODORE PARKER.

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."
—REVELATIONS iii. 20.

KNOCKING, knocking, ever knocking?
 Who is there?
'T is a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
 Never such was seen before;—
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder,
 Undo the door.
No,—that door is hard to open;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken;
 Bid Him go.
Wherefore with that knocking dreary
Scare the sleep from one so weary?
 Say Him, no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?
 What! Still there?
O sweet soul, but once behold Him,
With the glory-crownèd hair;
And those eyes, so strange and tender,
 Waiting there;



THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

"Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?
Who is there?
'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before."

—R. M. Milnes.

From a photo-aqua print after painting by Holman Hunt.

LIFE.

disastrous night,
the perfect day.

the Life, thou art the Way
know; Light, Life, the Way of

deepest hope and deepest pray,
Light, Life, Way, which thou hast

THEODORE PARKER.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR, AND KNOCK: IF ANY MAN HEAR MY VOICE, AND OPEN THE DOOR, I WILL COME IN TO HIM, AND WILL SUP WITH HIM, AND HE WITH ME.—REVELATION iii. 20.

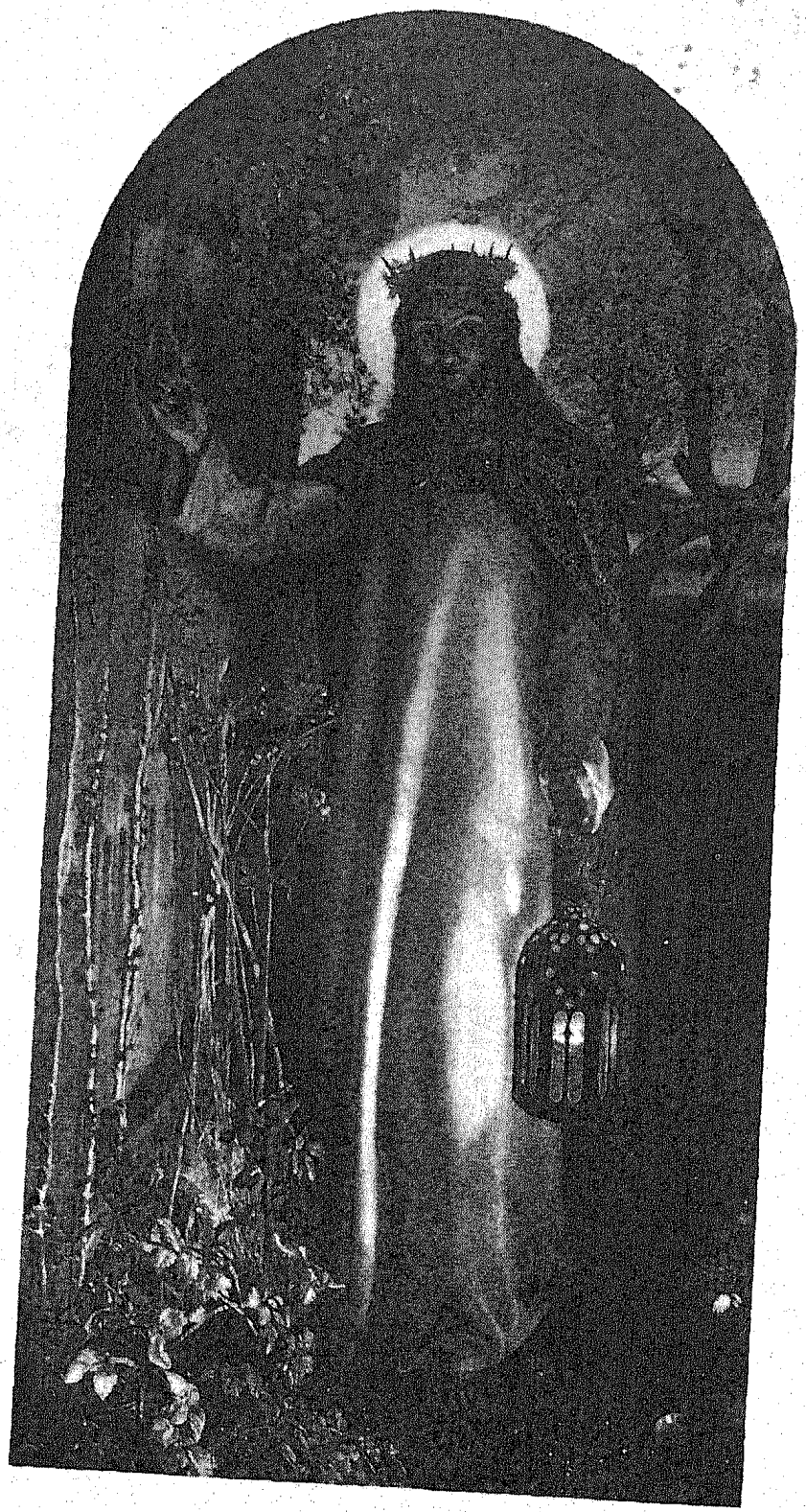
"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Who is there, knocking, ever knocking?
Never such midnight, such darkness and storm!
Knocking, knocking, knocking, knocking,
Who is there?

'Tis a pilgrim,

dreary
weary?

ing, ever knocking?
What! Still there?
, but once behold Him,
glory-crowned hair;
eyes, so wise and tender,
Waiting, yearning,



Open! Open! Once behold Him,
Him so fair.

Ah, that door! Why wilt thou vex me,
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is stiffly rusty,
And the bolt is clogged and dusty;
Many-fingered ivy vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine;
Weeds of years and years before
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking! knocking! What? Still knocking?
He still there?
What's the hour? The night is waning—
In my heart a drear complaining,
And a chilly, sad unrest.
Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me!
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest!
Give me rest,
Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee;
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure,
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure,
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,
Waked to weariness of weeping;—
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over,—
The true gifts He brings have seeming
More than all thy faded dreaming!

Did she open? Doth she? Will she?
So, as wondering we behold,

Grows the picture to a sign,
Pressed upon your soul and mine;
For in every breast that liveth
Is that strange, mysterious door;—
The forsaken and betangled,
Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,
Dusty, rusty, and forgotten;—
There the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And with ever patient watching,
With the sad eyes true and tender,
With the glory-crownèd hair,—
Still a God is waiting there.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

TO-MORROW.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me,—that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O, strange delusion, that I did not greet
Thy blest approach! and, O, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O, how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied!
And when the morrow came, I answered still,
"To-morrow."

From the Spanish of LOPE DE VEGA.
Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

I GAVE my life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed
That thou mightst ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou given for me?

I spent long years for thee
 In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
 Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for me?

My Father's home of light,
 My rainbow-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue may tell
Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee;
What canst thou bear for me?

And I have brought to thee,
 Down from my home above,

Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love.
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to me?

Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for him be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
I gave myself for thee:
Give thou thyself to me!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

JESUS SHALL REIGN.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,—
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet,
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

ISAAC WATTS.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE, IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,

And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, Earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains! and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear.
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;

But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!

See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate
kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idumè's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven his sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away!
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

ALEXANDER POPE.

DIES IRÆ.

"That day, a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers!"—ZEPHANIAH i. 15, 16.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow!
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending!

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written Volume's pages,
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages.

Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended?

King of majesty tremendous,
By thy saving grace defend us,
Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing!

Worn and weary, thou hast sought me;
By thy cross and passion bought me—
Spare the hope thy labors brought me!

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution!

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, Thy suppliant moaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no worth discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save me from that endless burning!

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding!

When the wicked are rejected,
And by bitter flames subjected,
Call me forth with Thine elected!

Low in supplication bending,
Heart as though with ashes blending;
Care for me when all is ending.

When on that dread day of weeping
Guilty man in ashes sleeping
Wakes to his adjudication,
Save him, God! from condemnation!

From the Latin of THOMAS À CELANO.
Translation of JOHN A. DIX.

* General Dix's first translation of the "Dies Iræ" was made in 1863; the revised version (given above) appeared in 1875. Bayard Taylor wrote of the earlier one: "I have . . . heretofore sought in vain to find an adequate translation. Those which reproduced the spirit neglected the form, and *vice versa*. There can be no higher praise for yours than to say that it preserves both."

MY GOD, I LOVE THEE.

My God, I love thee! not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because those who love thee not
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace!
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself,—and all for one
That was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O everlasting Lord!

E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing,—
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

From the Latin of ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.
Translation of EDWARD CASWALL.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

[Sometimes attributed to the Emperor Charlemagne. The better opinion, however, inclines to Pope Gregory I., called the Great, as the author, and fixes its origin somewhere in the sixth century.]

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command!
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, O, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand and hold 'em down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us on the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

From the Latin of ST. GREGORY.
Translation of JOHN DRYDEN.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

[Written in the tenth century by Robert II., the gentle son of Hugh Capet. It is often mentioned as second in rank to the *Dies Iræ*.]

COME, Holy Ghost! thou fire divine!
From highest heaven on us down shine!
Comforter, be thy comfort mine!

Come, Father of the poor, to earth;
Come, with thy gifts of precious worth;
Come Light of all of mortal birth!

Thou rich in comfort! Ever blest
The heart where thou art constant guest,
Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.

Come, thou in whom our toil is sweet,
Our shadow in the noonday heat,
Before whom mourning flieth fleet.

Bright Sun of Grace! thy sunshine dart
On all who cry to thee apart,
And fill with gladness every heart.

Whate'er without thy aid is wrought,
Or skilful deed, or wisest thought,
God counts it vain and merely naught.

O cleanse us that we sin no more,
O'er parchèd souls thy waters pour;
Heal the sad heart that acheth sore.

Thy will be ours in all our ways;
O melt the frozen with thy rays;
Call home the lost in error's maze.

And grant us, Lord, who cry to thee,
And hold the Faith in unity,
Thy precious gifts of charity;

That we may live in holiness,
And find in death our happiness,
And dwell with thee in lasting bliss!

From the Latin of KING ROBERT II. OF FRANCE.

Translation of CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

O FIRE OF GOD, THE COMFORTER.

"O IGNIS SPIRITUS PARACLITI."

O FIRE of God, the Comforter, O life of all that live,
Holy art thou to quicken us, and holy, strength to give:
To heal the broken-hearted ones, their sorest wounds to bind,
O Spirit of all holiness, O Lover of mankind!
O sweetest taste within the breast, O grace upon us poured,
That saintly hearts may give again their perfume to the Lord.
O purest fountain! we can see, clear mirrored in thy streams,
That God brings home the wanderers, that God the lost redeems.
O breastplate strong to guard our life, O bond of unity,
O dwelling-place of righteousness, save all who trust in thee:
Defend those who in dungeon dark are prisoned by the foe,
And, for thy will is aye to save, let thou the captives go.
O surest way, that through the height and through the lowest deep
And through the earth dost pass, and all in firmest union keep;

From thee the clouds and ether move, from thee the moisture flows,
From thee the waters draw their rills, and earth with verdure glows,
And thou dost ever teach the wise, and freely on them pour
The inspiration of thy gifts, the gladness of thy lore.
All praise to thee, O joy of life, O hope and strength, we raise,
Who givest us the prize of light, who art thyself all praise.

From the Latin of ST. HILDEGARDE.
Translation of R. F. LITTLEDALE.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick at heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill
Has or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,—
When to thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

ROBERT HERRICK.

HOPE OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FROM "ANIMA MUNDI."

God is good,
And flight is destined for the callow wing,
And the high appetite implies the food,
And souls must reach the level whence they spring;
O Life of very life! set free our powers,
Hasten the travail of the yearning hours.

Thou, to whom old Philosophy bent low,
To the wise few mysteriously revealed;
Thou, whom each humble Christian worships now,
In the poor hamlet and the open field:
Once an idea, now Comforter and Friend,
Hope of the human heart, descend, descend!

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,
LORD HOUGHTON.

II.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed—
The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear—
The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try—
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, "Behold he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath—
 The Christian's native air—
His watchword at the gates of death—
 He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone—
The Holy Spirit pleads—
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God—
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

WHEN is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning's sky,
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;
Commend the loved ones to his watchful care:
Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the noontide hour,
If worn by toil, or by sad cares oppressed,
Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour,
And he will give thee rest:—
Thy voice shall reach him through the fields of air:
Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,—
Whilst yet eve's glowing colors deck the skies;—
When the loved, at home, again thou 'st met,
Then let the prayer arise
For those who in thy joys and sorrow share:
Eve is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth,—
When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
To pure, bright dreams of heaven,—
Kneel to thy God—ask strength, life's ills to bear:
Night is the time for prayer!

When is the time for prayer?
In every hour, while life is spared to thee—
In crowds or solitudes—in joy or care—
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
At home—at morn and eve—with loved ones there,
Bend thou the knee in prayer!

G. BENNETT.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer;—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,—
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer;—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on;
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,

To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer;—for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
Oh, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to Heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand:
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful pair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow;
Oh, what are earth and its pleasures now!
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down by the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake! and gird up thy strength,
To join that holy band at length!
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,—
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of Heaven.

HENRY WARE, JR.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

Nor on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed
Compose thy weary limbs to rest;
For they alone are blessed
With balmy sleep
Whom angels keep;
Nor, though by care oppressed,
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close,
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return?
Arouse, my soul!
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on a prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow?
And thou art sure to-morrow

Will be like this, and more
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wak'st and weepest?
Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer;
For He that slumbereth not is there—
His ear is open to thy cry.
Oh, then, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,
Till in communion blest
With the elect ye rest—
Those souls of countless numbers;
And with them raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from earth to heaven—
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven;
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessèd bed.

MARGARET MERCER.

PRAYER AND REPENTANCE.

FROM "HAMLET," ACT III. SC. 3.

The King. O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned being down? Then I 'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder?"
That cannot be: since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardoned and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 't is not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies

In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*]

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King (*rising*). My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE CALIPH AND SATAN.

VERSIFIED FROM THOLUCK'S TRANSLATION OUT OF THE PERSIAN.

In heavy sleep the Caliph lay,
When some one called, "Arise, and pray!"

The angry Caliph cried, "Who dare
Rebuke his king for slighting prayer?"

Then, from the corner of the room,
A voice cut sharply through the gloom:

"My name is Satan. Rise! obey
Mohammed's law; awake, and pray!"

"Thy *words* are good," the Caliph said,
"But their intent I somewhat dread.

For matters cannot well be worse
Than when the thief says, 'Guard your purse!'

I cannot trust your counsel, friend,
It surely hides some wicked end."

Said Satan, "Near the throne of God,
In ages past, we devils trod;

Angels of light, to us 't was given
To guide each wandering foot to heaven.

Not wholly lost is that first love,
Nor those pure tastes we knew above.

Roaming across a continent,
The Tartar moves his shifting tent,

But never quite forgets the day
When in his father's arms he lay;

So we, once bathed in love divine,
Recall the taste of that rich wine.

God's finger rested on my brow,—
That magic touch, I feel it now!

I fell, 't is true—O, ask not why,
For still to God I turn my eye.

It was a chance by which I fell,
Another takes me back from hell.

'T was but my envy of mankind,
The envy of a loving mind.

Jealous of men, I could not bear
God's love with this new race to share.

But yet God's tables open stand,
His guests flock in from every land;

Some kind act towards the race of men
May toss us into heaven again.

A game of chess is all we see,—
And God the player, pieces we.

White, black—queen, pawn,—'t is all the same,
For on both sides he plays the game.

Moved to and fro, from good to ill,
We rise and fall as suits his will."

The Caliph said, "If this be so,
I know not, but thy guile I know;

For how can I thy words believe,
When even God thou didst deceive?

A sea of lies art thou,—our sin
Only a drop that sea within."

"Not so," said Satan, "I serve God,
His angel now, and now his rod.

In tempting I both bless and curse,
Make good men better, bad men worse.

Good coin is mixed with bad, my brother,
I but distinguish one from the other."

"Granted," the Caliph said, "but still
You never tempt to good, but ill.

Tell then the truth, for well I know
You come as my most deadly foe."

Loud laughed the fiend. "You know me well,
Therefore my purpose I will tell.

If you had missed your prayer, I knew
A swift repentance would ensue;

And such repentance would have been
A good, outweighing far the sin.

I chose this humbleness divine,
Borne out of fault, should not be thine,

Preferring prayers elate with pride
To sin with penitence allied."

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

DARKNESS IS THINNING.

DARKNESS is thinning; shadows are retreating;
Morning and light are coming in their beauty;
Suppliant seek we, with an earnest outcry,
God the Almighty!

So that our Master, having mercy on us,
May repel languor, may bestow salvation,
Granting us, Father, of thy loving-kindness
Glory hereafter!

This, of his mercy, ever blessèd Godhead,
Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, give us,—
Whom through the wide world celebrate forever
Blessing and glory!

From the Latin of ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.
Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

PRAISE.

To write a verse or two is all the praise
That I can raise;
Mend my estate in any wayes,
Thou shalt have more.

I go to church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither flie;
Or, if I mount unto the skie,
I will do more.

Man is all weaknesse: there is no such thing
As Prince or King:
His arm is short; yet with a sling
He may do more.

A herb destilled, and drunk, may dwell next doore,
On the same floore,
To a brave soul: Exalt the poore,
They can do more.

O, raise me then! poore bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
And much, much more.

GEORGE HERBERT.

PRAYER.

O God! though sorrow be my fate,
And the world's hate
For my heart's faith pursue me,
My peace they cannot take away;
From day to day
Thou dost anew imbue me;
Thou art not far; a little while
Thou hid'st thy face, with brighter smile
Thy father-love to show me.

Lord, not my will, but thine, be done;
If I sink down
When men to terrors leave me,
Thy father-love still warms my breast;
All 's for the best;
Shall men have power to grieve me,
When bliss eternal is my goal,
And thou the keeper of my soul,
Who never will deceive me?

Thou art my shield, as saith the Word.
Christ Jesus, Lord,
Thou standest pitying by me,
And lookest on each grief of mine
And if 't were thine:
What, then, though foes may try me,
Though thorns be in my path concealed?
World, do thy worst! God is my shield!
And will be ever nigh me.

Translated from MARY, QUEEN OF HUNGARY.

DESIRE.

THOU, who dost dwell alone;
Thou, who dost know thine own;
Thou, to whom all are known,
From the cradle to the grave, —
Save, O, save!

From the world's temptations;
From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,—
Save, O, save!

When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher;
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprize,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Make idols to adore;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion,
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;

Strong to deceive, strong to enslave,—
Save, O, save!

From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature;
From grief, that is but passion;
From mirth, that is but feigning;
From tears, that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;—
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, O, save!

From doubt, where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble;
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy;
Where sweet things soonest cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust;
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea;
O, set us free!

O, let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie,
Tossing continually.
O, where thy voice doth come,
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild;
All strife be reconciled;
All pains beguiled.
Light brings no blindness;
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin;

Fear no undoing,
From the cradle to the grave,—
Save, O, save!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WHY THUS LONGING?

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,—
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that gain thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the Lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier,—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

PRAYER AND ANSWER.

O God, I cannot walk the Way,—
The thorns, the thirst, the darkness,
And bleeding feet and aching heart!
I hear the songs and revels of the throng,—
They sneer upon my downcast face with scorn,—
Yet, O my God, I *must* and shall walk with Thee!

O God, I cannot take the Truth!
Far easier honeyed hopes and falsehoods fair,
But Truth,—the Truth is stern and strong and awful.

It ploughs my soul with ploughshares flaming
hot,—
Yet give me Truth. I must have Truth, O God!

O God, I cannot live the Life,—
The flinging all to death that life may come;
The surging of Thy Spirit in my heart
In fire and flame will all consume me,—
Yet, O my God, I cannot live without Thee!

And as I agonized in dust and shame
With tears and sighs in all the bitter prayer,
I felt, as 't were, an arm that stole around me,
And raised me to my feet.
And at the touch, hope blossomed in my heart,
And new-found strength in flood-tides thrilled and
throbbed

Through soul and limbs. I looked to see. . . .
O tender lordly Face!
It was Himself,—*the Way, the Truth, the Life!*

OLIVER HUCKEL.

THE AIM.

O THOU who lovest not alone
The swift success, the instant goal,
But hast a lenient eye to mark
The failures of th' inconstant soul,

Consider not my little worth,—
The mean achievement, scamped in act,
The high resolve and low result,
The dream that durst not face the fact.

But count the reach of my desire.
Let this be something in Thy sight:—
I have not, in the slothful dark,
Forgot the Vision and the Height.

Neither my body nor my soul
To earth's low ease will yield consent.
I praise Thee for my will to strive.
I bless Thy goad of discontent.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE LOVE OF GOD SUPREME.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove,
And fain I would; but though my will
Be fixed, yet wide my passions rove.
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'T is mercy all that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee.
Yet while I seek but find thee not
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see.
Oh! when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to-thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

Oh! hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me, may live.
My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive.
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee.

O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there.
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.

Ah! no; ne'er will I backward turn:
 Thine wholly, thine alone I am.
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
 Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame.
Oh! help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call.
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love is all my choice.

From the German of GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.
Translation of JOHN WESLEY.

IN A LECTURE-ROOM.

Away, haunt thou not me,
Thou vain Philosophy!
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head,
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths below,
Fed by the skyey shower,
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,
Wisdom at once, and Power,
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?
Why labor at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal Shore?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

FROM THE RECESSES OF A LOWLY SPIRIT.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it.
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness,
Forgive its weakness!

We see thy hand,—it leads us, it supports us;
We hear thy voice,—it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

O, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering: thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE HIGHER GOOD.

FATHER, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense:
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defence.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light:
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men, and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;
And lead still further on such as thy kingdom seek.

THEODORE PARKER.

ASCRIPTION.

O THOU who hast beneath Thy hand
The dark foundations of the land,—
The motion of whose ordered thought
An instant universe hath wrought,—

Who hast within Thine equal heed
The rolling sun, the ripening seed,
The azure of the speedwell's eye,
The vast solemnities of sky,—

Who hear'st no less the feeble note
Of one small bird's awakening throat,
Than that unnamed, tremendous chord
Arcturus sounds before his Lord,—

More sweet to Thee than all acclaim
Of storm and ocean, stars and flame,
In favor more before Thy face
Than pageantry of time and space,

The worship and the service be
Of him Thou madest most like Thee,—
Who in his nostrils hath Thy breath,
Whose spirit is the lord of death!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE.

O MASTER, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

O Master, let me walk with thee
Before the taunting Pharisee;
Help me to bear the sting of spite,
The hate of men who hide thy light,
The sore distrust of souls sincere
Who cannot read thy judgments clear,
The dulness of the multitude
Who dimly guess that thou art good.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live!

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

III.

FAITH: HOPE: LOVE: SERVICE.

FAITH.

O World, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

[The author of this poem, one of the victims of the persecuting Henry VIII., was burnt to death at Smithfield in 1546. It was made and sung by her while a prisoner in Newgate.]

Like as the armèd Knighte,
Appointed to the fielde,
With this world wil I fight,
And faith shal be my shilde.

Faith is that weapon stronge,
Which wil not faile at nede;
My foes therefore amonge,
Therewith wil I procede.

As it is had in strengthe,
And forces of Christes waye,
It wil prevaile at lengthe,
Though all the devils saye *naye*.

Faithe of the fathers olde
Obtainèd right witness,
Which makes me verye bolde
To fear no worldes distress.

I now rejoice in harte,
And hope bides me do so;
For Christ wil take my part,
And ease me of my wo.

Thou sayst, Lord, whoso knocke,
To them wilt thou attende;
Undo, therefore, the locke,
And thy stronge power sende.

More enemies now I have
Than heeres upon my head;
Let them not me deprave,
But fight thou in my steade.

On thee my care I cast,
For all their cruell spight;
I set not by their hast,
For thou art my delight.

I am not she that list
My anker to let fall
For every drislinge mist;
My shippe's substancial.

Not oft I use to wright
In prose, nor yet in ryme;
Yet wil I shewe one sight,
That I sawe in my time:

I sawe a royall throne,
Where Justice shulde have sitte;
But in her steade was One
Of moody cruell witte.

Absorpt was rightwisness,
As by the raginge floude;
Sathan, in his excess,
Sucte up the guiltlesse bloude.

Then thought I,—Jesus, Lorde,
When thou shalt judge us all,
Harde is it to recorde
On these men what will fall.

Yet, Lorde, I thee desire,
For that they doe to me,
Let them not taste the hire
Of their iniquitie.

ANNE ASKEWE.

DOUBT AND FAITH.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM," XCV.

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
 Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
 Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
 In many a subtle question versed,
 Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out.
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
 He would not make his judgment blind,
 He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
 And Power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
 As over Sinai's peaks of old,
 While Israel made their gods of gold,
Although the trumpet blew so loud.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

My times are in thy hand!
I know not what a day
Or e'en an hour may bring to me,
But I am safe while trusting thee,
Though all things fade away.
All weakness, I
On him rely
Who fixed the earth and spread the starry sky.

My times are in thy hand!
Pale poverty or wealth,
Corroding care or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath or winter's snows,
Sickness or buoyant health,—
Whate'er betide,
If God provide,
'T is for the best; I wish no lot beside.

My times are in thy hand!
Should friendship pure illume
And strew my path with fairest flowers,
Or should I spend life's dreary hours
In solitude's dark gloom,
Thou art a friend,
Till time shall end
Unchangeably the same; in thee all beauties blend.

My times are in thy hand!
Many or few, my days
I leave with thee,—this only pray,
That by thy grace, I, every day

Devoting to thy praise,
May ready be
To welcome thee
Whene'er thou com'st to set my spirit free.

My times are in thy hand!
Howe'er those times may end,
Sudden or slow my soul's release,
Midst anguish, frenzy, or in peace,
I'm safe with Christ my friend.
If he is nigh,
Howe'er I die,
'T will be the dawn of heavenly ecstasy.

My times are in thy hand!
To thee I can intrust
My slumbering clay, till thy command
Bids all the dead before thee stand,
Awaking from the dust.
Beholding thee,
What bliss 't will be
With all thy saints to spend eternity!

To spend eternity
In heaven's unclouded light!
From sorrow, sin, and frailty free,
Beholding and resembling thee,—
O too transporting sight!
Prospect too fair
For flesh to bear!
Haste! haste! my Lord, and soon transport me there!

CHRISTOPHER NEWMAN HALL.

A MYSTICAL ECSTASY.

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having ranged and searched a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
So I my Best-Belovèd's am; so He is mine.

E'en so we met; and after long pursuit,
E'en so we joined; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:
Our firm-united souls did more than twine:
So I my Best-Belovèd's am; so He is mine.

If all those glittering Monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:
The world's but theirs; but my Belovèd's mine.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE MYSTIC'S VISION

AH! I shall kill myself with dreams!
These dreams that softly lap me round
Through trance-like hours in which meseems
That I am swallowed up and drowned;

Drowned in your love, which flows o'er me
As o'er the seaweed flows the sea.

In watches of the middle night,
'Twixt vesper and 'twixt matin bell,
With rigid arms and straining sight,
I wait within my narrow cell;
With muttered prayers, suspended will,
I wait your advent—statue-still.

Across the convent garden walls
The wind blows from the silver seas;
Black shadow of the cypress falls
Between the moon-meshed olive-trees;
Sleep-walking from their golden bowers,
Flit disembodied orange flowers.

And in God's consecrated house,
All motionless from head to feet,
My heart awaits her heavenly Spouse,
As white I lie on my white sheet;
With body lulled and soul awake,
I watch in anguish for your sake.

And suddenly, across the gloom,
The naked moonlight sharply swings;
A Presence stirs within the room,
A breath of flowers and hovering wings:—
Your presence without form and void,
Beyond all earthly joys enjoyed.

My heart is hushed, my tongue is mute,
My life is centred in your will;
You play upon me like a lute
Which answers to its master's skill,

Till passionately vibrating,
Each nerve becomes a throbbing string.

Oh, incommunicably sweet!
No longer aching and apart,
As rain upon the tender wheat,
You pour upon my thirsty heart;
As scent is bound up in the rose,
Your love within my bosom glows.

MATHILDE BLIND.

THE CALL.

Come, my way, my truth, my life—
Such a way as gives us breath;
Such a truth as ends all strife;
Such a life as killeth death.

Come my light, my feast, my strength—
Such a light as shows a feast;
Such a feast as mends in length;
Such a strength as makes His guest.

Come my joy, my love, my heart!
Such a joy as none can move;
Such a love as none can part;
Such a heart as joys in love.

GEORGE HERBERT.

HOPE.

FROM "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE." *

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
O, then thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day,—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!

.

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er,—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,

* This poem was written when the author was but twenty-one years of age.

When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!

.

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began,—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A QUERY.

Oh the wonder of our life,
Pain and pleasure, rest and strife,
Mystery of mysteries,
Set twixt two eternities!

Lo, the moments come and go,
E'en as sparks, and vanish so;
Flash from darkness into light,
Quick as thought are quenched in night.

With an import grand and strange
Are they fraught in ceaseless change
As they post away; each one
Stands eternally alone.

The scene more fair than words can say,
I gaze upon and go my way;
I turn, another glance to claim—
Something is changed, 't is not the same.

The purple flush on yonder fell,
The tinkle of that cattle-bell,
Came, and have never come before,
Go, and are gone forevermore.

Our life is held as with a vice,
We cannot do the same thing twice;
Once we may, but not again;
Only memories remain.

What if memories vanish too,
And the past be lost to view;
Is it all for nought that I
Heard and saw and hurried by?

Where are childhood's merry hours,
Bright with sunshine, crossed with showers?
Are they dead, and can they never
Come again to life forever?

No—'t is false, I surely trow;
Though awhile they vanish now;
Every passion, deed, and thought
Was not born to come to nought!

Will the past then come again,
Rest and pleasure, strife and pain,
All the heaven and all the hell?
Ah, we know not: God can tell.

GOOD WORDS.

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
 Sings in the shade, where all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
 She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
 Was made for God's own temple meet:
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
 In deepest adoration bends:
The weight of glory bows him down
 Then most, when most his soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On Saint John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened o'er and o'er again

Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learnèd clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps that glimmered, few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He gropèd towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,

Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke.
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate:
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed:
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,

An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the king, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The angel answered with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the king, but the king's jester; thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape:
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the king!"
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"

But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed;
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the king?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the king!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name

From Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud:
"I am the king! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, king of Sicily!

This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene;
The emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of an angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rustling garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heaven-
ward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on his throne in his great hall,

He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the angel said,
"Art thou the king?" Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven
Walk barefoot till my guilty soul is shriven!"
The angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SERVICE.

FROM "PIPPA PASSES."

ALL service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.

Say not "a small event"! Why "small"?
Costs it more pain than this, ye call
A "great event," should come to pass,
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed!

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE TWO ANGELS.

GOD called the nearest angels who dwell with Him above:
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," He said, "my angels! a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from
a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights
the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its
souls of pain,
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears
like rain!"

Two faces bowed before the Throne, veiled in their
golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark
abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last
the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-
wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with
faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a
smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame
whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered
into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to
the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who
sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE SELF-EXILED.

THERE came a soul to the gate of Heaven
Gliding slow—
A soul that was ransomed and forgiven,
And white as snow:
And the angels all were silent.

A mystic light beamed from the face
Of the radiant maid,
But there also lay on its tender grace
A mystic shade:
And the angels all were silent.

As sunlit clouds by a zephyr borne
Seem not to stir,
So to the golden gates of morn
They carried her:
And the angels all were silent.

"Now open the gate, and let her in,
And fling it wide,

For she has been cleansed from stain of sin,"
Saint Peter cried:
And the angels all were silent.

"Though I am cleansed from stain of sin,"
She answered low,
"I came not hither to enter in,
Nor may I go:"
And the angels all were silent.

"I come," she said, "to the pearly door,
To see the Throne
Where sits the Lamb on the Sapphire Floor,
With God alone:"
And the angels all were silent.

"I come to hear the new song they sing
To Him that died,
And note where the healing waters spring
From His piercèd side:"
And the angels all were silent.

"But I may not enter there," she said,
"For I must go
Across the gulf where the guilty dead
Lie in their woe:"
And the angels all were silent.

"If I enter heaven I may not pass
To where they be,
Though the wail of their bitter pain, alas!
Tormenteth me:"
And the angels all were silent.

"If I enter heaven I may not speak
My soul's desire
For them that are lying distraught and weak
In flaming fire:"
And the angels all were silent.

"I had a brother, and also another
Whom I loved well;
What if, in anguish, they curse each other
In the depths of hell?"
And the angels all were silent.

"How could I touch the golden harps,
When all my praise
Would be so wrought with grief-full warps
Of their sad days?"
And the angels all were silent.

"How love the loved who are sorrowing,
And yet be glad?
How sing the songs ye are fain to sing,
While I am sad?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Oh, clear as glass in the golden street
Of the city fair,
And the tree of life it maketh sweet
The lightsome air:"
And the angels all were silent.

"And the white-robed saints with their crowns and palms
Are good to see,

And oh, so grand are the sounding psalms!
But not for me:"
And the angels all were silent.

"I come where there is no night," she said,
"To go away,
And help, if I yet may help, the dead
That have no day."
And the angels all were silent.

Saint Peter he turned the keys about,
And answered grim:
"Can you love the Lord and abide without,
Afar from Him?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Can you love the Lord who died for you,
And leave the place
Where His glory is all disclosed to view,
And tender grace?"
And the angels all were silent.

"They go not out who come in here;
It were not meet:
Nothing they lack, for He is here,
And bliss complete."
And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be nearer Christ," she said,
"By pitying less
The sinful living or woful dead
In their helplessness?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be liker Christ were I
To love no more
The loved, who in their anguish lie
Outside the door?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Did He not hang on the cursèd tree,
And bear its shame,
And clasp to His heart, for love of me,
My guilt and blame?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be liker, nearer Him,
Forgetting this,
Singing all day with the Seraphim,
In selfish bliss?"
And the angels all were silent.

The Lord Himself stood by the gate,
And heard her speak
Those tender words compassionate,
Gentle and meek:
And the angels all were silent.

Now, pity is the touch of God
In human hearts,
And from that way He ever trod
He ne'er departs:
And the angels all were silent.

And He said, "Now will I go with you,
Dear child of love,
I am weary of all this glory, too,
In heaven above:"
And the angels all were silent.

"We will go seek and save the lost,
If they will hear,
They who are worst but need me most,
And all are dear:"
And the angels were not silent.

WALTER C. SMITH.

SYMPATHY.

FROM "ION," ACT I. SC. 2.

'T is a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned 't will fall
Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again;
And shed on the departing soul a sense,
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
 To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
 A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns:

Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessèd vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessèd forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

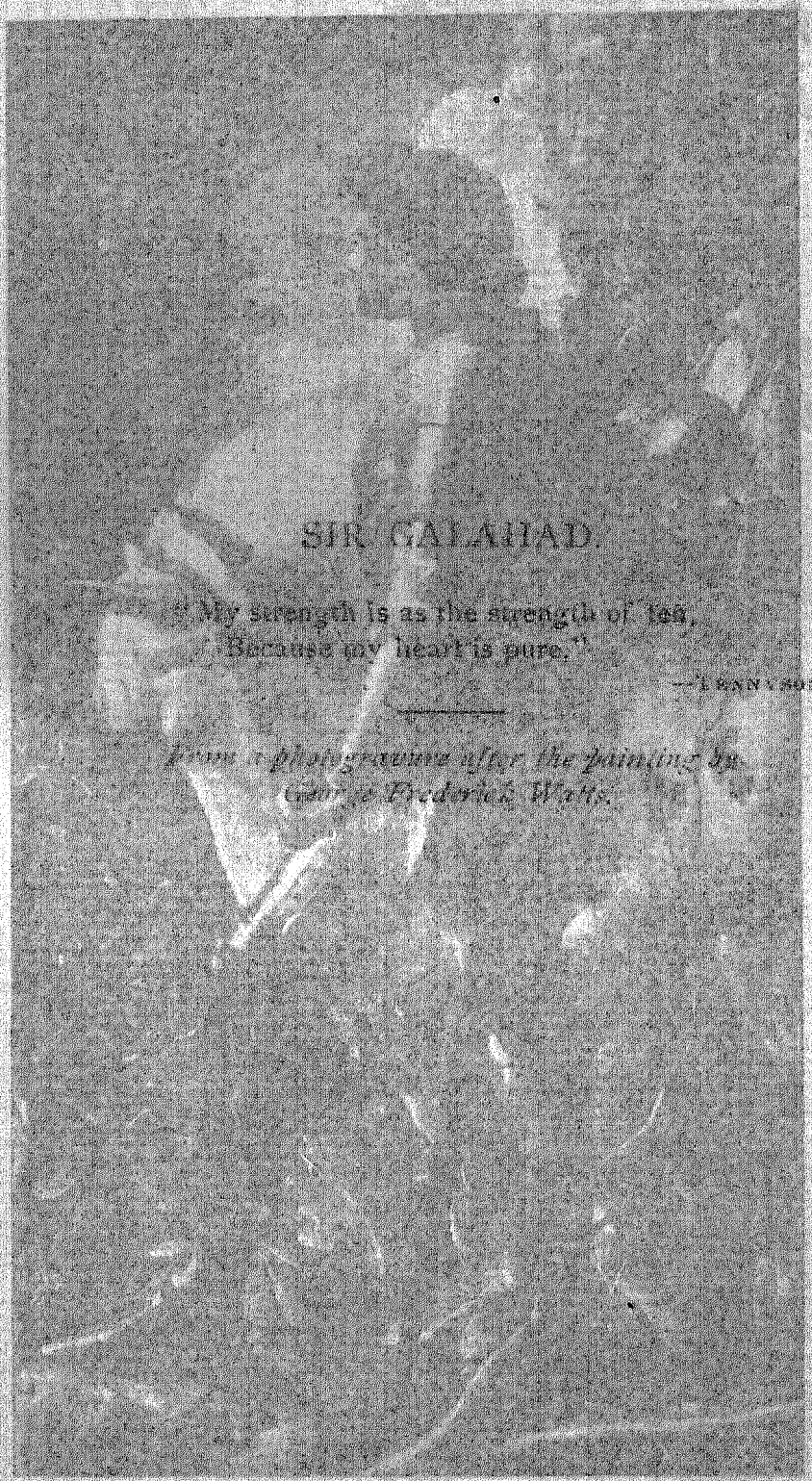
A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touched, and turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

Prune thou thy words; the thoughts control
 That o'er thee swell and throng;—
They will condense within thy soul,
 And change to purpose strong.



SIR GALAHAD.

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

—TENNYSON.

From a photogravure after the painting by George Frederick Watts.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure light of eternal peace,
[illegible] my dreams;
[illegible] by an angel's hand,
[illegible] that I wear,
[illegible] heart and eyes,
[illegible] great air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er befall,
Still grasping in the storm of fight
Thine iron-clasped verge of might,
Still bearing thro' the roar and din
The spear that knows no splinter or initial
To the halls of Camelot, as in a vision, I ride.

WITHOUT FRUIT.

[illegible]; the thoughts control
[illegible] swell and throng:—
[illegible] condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.



But he who lets his feelings run
 In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
 And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
 Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
 Which bloom their hour, and fade.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

SANTA FILOMENA.

[FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.]

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
 The trenches cold and damp,
 The starved and frozen camp,

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

IN THE AIR.

The scent of a blossom from Eden!
 The flower was not given to me,
But it freshened my spirit forever,
 As it passed, on its way to thee!

In my soul is a lingering music:
 The song was not meant for me,
But I listen, and listen, and wonder
 To whom it can lovelier be.

The sounds and the scents that flow by us—
 They cannot tell whither they go;
Yet, however it fails of its errand,
 Love makes the world sweeter, I know.

I know that love never is wasted,
 Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer;
And the thought that goes forth as a blessing
 Must live, as a joy in the air.

The best of all God's blessings
 Are caught upon the wing,
And then set free into the heaven
 Of other hearts, to sing.

Our message brought no answer,—
 Our dream did not come true;
But we have freshened weary lives
 In ways we never knew.

LUCY LARCOM.

SOGGARTH AROON.

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon?*
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Old Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon.

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be not slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Nor, out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you—
Och! out of fear to *you*,
Soggarth aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blasts did bite,
Soggarth aroon,

*Priest, dear.

Came to my cabin-door,
And on my earthen-floor
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon,
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friends only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon;
And when my heart was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon!
Our love they 'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon!

JOHN BANIM.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

Prelude to Part First.

Over his keys the musing organist,
 Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
 And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
 Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
 Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
 Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
 Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
 We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
 Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
 With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
 Waits with its Benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
 Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us:
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
 We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there 's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear
 That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by:
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
 'T is the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;

The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remember the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST.

"MY golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail:
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim;
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'T was the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;

She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right.
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth; so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launful came;

The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:—
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door:
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,—
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms;
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;

The little brook heard it, and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter palace of ice;
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter;
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,

And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp;
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing in dreary monotone
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND.

THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;

A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate:
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail.
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross;
But deep in his soul the sigh he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas-time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago.
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms:"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,

The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said,—"I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an 'alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust:
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'T was water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight

As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was softer than silence said:—
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail:
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need.
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall

As the hang-bird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall.
The summer's long siege at last is o'er:
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground;
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there 's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

She once was a lady of honor and wealth;
Bright glowed in her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:
Joy revelled around her, love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for her suffering race;
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered, "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride,

Nor wept at the threshold as onward she moved,—
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion, to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast,
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame:
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands, that once dangled the perfume and gem,
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice, that once echoed the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed, a pallet—her trinkets, a bead;
Her lustre—one taper, that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed;
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crownèd head;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees;
Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease:
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined:
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, mid the vapors of death;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain!
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men;
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen;
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

GERALD JOSEPH GRIFFIN.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those who love me,
 Whose hearts are kind and true,
For heaven that smiles above me,
 And waits my spirit, too;
For all the ties that bind me,
For all the tasks assigned me,
And bright hopes left behind me,
 And good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
 Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
 And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
 And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
 With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
 'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
And, wiser from conviction,
 Fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
 By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
 And not alone by gold;

When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
If they lay in sight;

We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent,
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.

LOVE.

If suddenly upon the street
My gracious Saviour I should meet,
And he should say, "As I love thee,
What love hast thou to offer me?"
Then what could this poor heart of mine
Dare offer to that heart divine?

His eye would pierce my outward show,
His thought my inmost thought would know;
And if I said, "I love thee, Lord,"
He would not heed my spoken word,
Because my daily life would tell
If verily I loved him well.

If on the day or in the place
Wherein he met me face to face,
My life could show some kindness done,
Some purpose formed, some work begun
For his dear sake, then it were meet
Love's gift to lay at Jesus' feet.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

IV.

SABBATH: WORSHIP: CREED.

SUNDAY MORNING BELLS.

From the near city comes the clang of bells:
Their hundred jarring diverse tones combine
In one faint misty harmony, as fine
As the soft note yon winter robin swells.
What if to Thee in thine infinity
These multiform and many-colored creeds
Seem but the robe man wraps as masquers' weeds
Round the one living truth thou givest him—
Thee?
What if these varied forms that worship prove,
Being heart-worship, reach thy perfect ear
But as a monotone, complete and clear,
Of which the music is, through Christ's name,
love?
Forever rising in sublime increase
To "Glory in the highest,—on earth peace"?

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK.

SABBATH HYMN ON THE MOUNTAINS.

Praise ye the Lord!
Not in the temple of shapeliest mould,
Polished with marble and gleaming with gold,
Piled upon pillars of slenderest grace,
But here in the blue sky's luminous face,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!
Not where the organ's melodious wave
Dies 'neath the rafters that narrow the nave,
But here with the free wind's wandering sweep,
Here with the billow that booms from the deep,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!
Not where the pale-faced multitude meet
In the sweltering lane and the dun-visaged street,
But here where bright ocean, thick sown with green isles,
Feeds the glad eye with a harvest of smiles,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!
Here where the strength of the old granite Ben
Towers o'er the greenswarded grace of the glen,
Where the birch flings its fragrance abroad on the hill,
And the bee of the heather-bloom wanders at will,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!
Here where the loch, the dark mountain's fair daughter,
Down the red scaur flings the white-streaming water,
Leaping and tossing and swirling forever,
Down to the bed of the smooth-rolling river,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!
Not where the voice of a preacher instructs you,
Not where the hand of a mortal conducts you,

But where the bright welkin in scripture of glory
Blazons creation's miraculous story,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!
The wind and the welkin, the sun and the river,
Weaving a tissue of wonders forever;
The mead and the mountain, the flower and the tree,
What is their pomp, but a vision of thee,
Wonderful Lord?

Praise ye the Lord!
Not in the square-hewn, many-tiered pile,
Not in the long-drawn, dim-shadowed aisle,
But where the bright world, with age never hoary,
Flashes her brightness and thunders his glory,
Praise ye the Lord!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still!
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill;
And sweeter sings the linnet from the thorn:
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;

The gales that lately sighed along the grove
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move,—
So smiled that day when the first morn arose!

JOHN LEYDEN.

THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

FROM "THE SABBATH."

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers,
That yestermorn bloomed waving in the breeze;
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose circling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dovelike wings Peace o'er yon village broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare

Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on this day, imbosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While, wandering slowly up the river-side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

JAMES GRAHAME.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
 Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
 From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
 To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
 The Sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts;
 Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
 A God of purity!

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

VESPER HYMN.

Now, on sea and land descending,
 Brings the night its peace profound:
Let our vesper hymn be blending
 With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
 Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story—
 Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
 To his care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
 At his touch our burdens fall.

As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the Spirit's skies.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

VESPER HYMN.

The day is done; the weary day of thought and
toil is past,
Soft falls the twilight cool and gray on the tired
earth at last:
By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends
oppressed,
In thee alone, the soul, outworn, refreshment
finds, and rest.

Bend, Gracious Spirit, from above, like these
o'erarching skies,
And to thy firmament of love lift up these long-
ing eyes;
And, folded by thy sheltering hand, in refuge still
and deep,
Let blessed thoughts from thee descend, as drop
the dews of sleep.

And when refreshed the soul once more puts on
new life and power;
Oh, let thine image, Lord, alone, gild the first
waking hour!
Let that dear Presence dawn and glow, fairer
than morn's first ray,
And thy pure radiance overflow the splendor of
the day.

So in the hastening even, so in the coming morn,
When deeper slumber shall be given, and fresher life be born,
Shine out, true Light! to guide my way amid that deepening gloom,
And rise, O Morning Star, the first that dayspring to illume!

I cannot dread the darkness where thou wilt watch o'er me,
Nor smile to greet the sunrise unless thy smile I see;
Creator, Saviour, Comforter! on thee my soul is cast;
At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be thou my First and Last!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

AMAZING, BEAUTEOUS CHANGE!

AMAZING, beauteous change!
A world created new!
My thoughts with transport range,
The lovely scene to view;
In all I trace,
Saviour divine,
The word is thine,—
Be thine the praise!

See crystal fountains play
Amidst the burning sands;
The river's winding way
Shines through the thirsty lands;

New grass is seen,
And o'er the meads
Its carpet spreads
Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew,
Intwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, forever new,
The painted fields adorn,—
The blushing rose
And lily there,
In union fair,
Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stood
All bare and disarrayed,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade;
Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines
Confess thee God.

The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er,—
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more;
But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flowery bands.

O, when, Almighty Lord!
Shall these glad things arise,
To verify thy word,
And bless our wandering eyes?

That earth may raise,
With all its tongues,
United songs
Of ardent praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

THE WORD.

O Word of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;
We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from thee, her Master,
Received the gift divine;
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of, thee, the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to thee.

Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
Of England green and old,
That out from fane and ivied tower
A thousand years have tolled;
How glorious must their music be
As breaks the hallowed day,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time;
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper, and at prime!
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king,
Those chimes, those glorious Christian chimes,
How blessedly they ring!

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,
Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreaking as the angels did,
For a Redeemer born!

How merrily they call afar,
To cot and baron's hall,
With holly decked and mistletoe,
To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal
From tower and Gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle;
Where windows bathe the holy light
On priestly heads that falls,
And stains the florid tracery
Of banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in spring,
Those glorious Easter chimes!
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old Queen of holy times!
From hill to hill like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord,
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye, chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line:
And like a son I sing the lay
That England's glory tells;
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her historic fame,
Though far away my birth,

Thee, too, I love, my Forest-land,
The joy of all the earth;
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And here, where God is king,
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

THE OLD VILLAGE CHOIR.

I HAVE fancied, sometimes, the Bethel-bent beam,
That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream,
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest,
From the pillar of stone to the blue of the blest,
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,
"Old Hundred," and "Corinth," and "China,"
and "Mear."

"Let us sing to God's praise," the minister said.
All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at
"York";
Sunned their long dotted wings in the words that
he read,
While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,
And politely picked up the key-note with a fork;
And the vicious old viol went growling along
At the heels of the girls, in the rear of the song.

All the hearts are not dead, not under the sod,
That those breaths can blow open to heaven and
God!
Ah, "Silver Street" flows by a bright shining
road,—
Oh, not to the hymns that in harmony flowed,—

But the sweet human psalms of the old-fashioned
choir,
To the girl that sang alto—the girl that sang air!

Oh, I need not a wing—bid no genii come
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,
To bear me again up the river of Time,
When the world was in rhythm, and life was its
rhyme—
Where the streams of the years flowed so noise-
less and narrow,
That across it there floated the song of the spar-
row—

For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church, and the old village
choir,
Where clear of the floor my feet slowly swung,
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise that they
sung,
Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!

You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon
Brown,
Who followed by scent, till he ran the tune down;
And dear Sister Green, with more goodness than
grace,
Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her
place,
And where "Coronation" exultingly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her
toes!

To the land of the leal they have gone with their
song,
Where the choir and the chorus together belong,
Oh be lifted, ye gates! Let me hear them again—
Blessèd song, blessèd singers! forever, Amen!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

"Some cotton has lately been imported into Farringdon, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton: the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang the Doxology over them."—*Spectator* of May 14, 1863.

"PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,"
Praise him who sendeth joy and woe.
The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives,
O, praise him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand,
But why we cannot understand:
Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,
And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
The mystery of God and man;
We women, when afflictions come,
We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,
He gleams out, sunlike through our sky,
We look up, and through black clouds riven
We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
We have no deep philosophies;
Childlike we take both kiss and rod,
For he who loveth knoweth God.

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK.

REBECCA'S HYMN.

FROM "IVANHOE."

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow:
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,

Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But Thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BOOK OF GOD.

THY thoughts are here, my God,
Expressed in words divine,
The utterance of heavenly lips
In every sacred line.

Across the ages they
Have reached us from afar,
Than the bright gold more golden they,
Purer than purest star.

More durable they stand
Than the eternal hills;
Far sweeter and more musical
Than music of earth's rills.

Fairer in their fair hues
Than the fresh flowers of earth,
More fragrant than the fragrant climes
Where odors have their birth.

Each word of thine a gem
From the celestial mines,
A sunbeam from that holy heaven
Where holy sunlight shines.

Thine, thine, this book, though given
In man's poor human speech,
Telling of things unseen, unheard,
Beyond all human reach.

No strength it craves or needs
From this world's wisdom vain;
No filling up from human wells,
Or sublunary rain.

No light from sons of time,
Nor brilliance from its gold;
It sparkles with its own glad light,
As in the ages old.

A thousand hammers keen,
With fiery force and strain,
Brought down on it in rage and hate,
Have struck this gem in vain.

Against this sea-swept rock
Ten thousand storms their will
Of foam and rage have wildly spent;
It lifts its calm face still.

It standeth and will stand,
Without or change or age,
The word of majesty and light,
The church's heritage.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE MEETING.

THE elder folk shook hands at last,
Down seat by seat the signal passed.
To simple ways like ours unused,
Half solemnized and half amused,
With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest
His sense of glad relief expressed.
Outside, the hills lay warm in sun;
The cattle in the meadow-run
Stood half-leg deep; a single bird
The green repose above us stirred.
"What part or lot have you," he said,
"In these dull rites of drowsy-head?
Is silence worship? Seek it where
It soothes with dreams the summer air;
Not in this close and rude-benched hall,
But where soft lights and shadows fall,
And all the slow, sleep-walking hours
Glide soundless over grass and flowers!
From time and place and form apart,
Its holy ground the human heart,
Nor ritual-bound nor templeward
Walks the free spirit of the Lord!
Our common Master did not pen
His followers up from other men;
His service liberty indeed,
He built no church, he framed no creed;
But while the saintly Pharisee
Made broader his phylactery,
As from the synagogue was seen
The dusty-sandalled Nazarene

Through ripening cornfields lead the way
Upon the awful Sabbath day,
His sermons were the healthful talk
That shorter made the mountain-walk,
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,
Where mingled with his gracious words
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree
And ripple-wash of Galilee."

"Thy words are well, O friend," I said;
"Unmeasured and unlimited,
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,
The mystic Church of God has grown.
Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands,
Unheard the voices still and small
Of its unseen confessional.
He needs no special place of prayer
Whose hearing ear is everywhere;
He brings not back the childish days
That ringed the earth with stones of praise,
Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid
The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.
Still less he owns the selfish good
And sickly growth of solitude,—
The worthless grace that, out of sight,
Flowers in the desert anchorite;
Dissevered from the suffering whole,
Love hath no power to save a soul.
Not out of Self, the origin
And native air and soil of sin,
The living waters spring and flow,
The trees with leaves of healing grow.

"Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;
But nature is not solitude;
She crowds us with her thronging wood;
Her many hands reach out to us,
Her many tongues are garrulous;
Perpetual riddles of surprise
She offers to our ears and eyes;
She will not leave our senses still,
But drags them captive at her will;
And, making earth too great for heaven,
She hides the Giver in the given.

"And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control;
The strength of mutual purpose pleads
More earnestly our common needs;
And from the silence multiplied
By these still forms on either side,
The world that time and sense have known
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

"Yet rarely through the charmed repose
Unmixed the stream of motive flows,
A flavor of its many springs,
The tints of earth and sky it brings;
In the still waters needs must be
Some shade of human sympathy;
And here, in its accustomed place,

I look on memory's dearest face;
The blind by-sitter guesseth not
What shadow haunts that vacant spot;
No eyes save mine alone can see
The love wherewith it welcomes me!
And still, with those alone my kin,
In doubt and weakness, want and sin,
I bow my head, my heart I bare
As when that face was living there,
And strive (too oft, alas! in vain)
The peace of simple trust to gain,
Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay
The idols of my heart away.

"Welcome the silence all unbroken,
Nor less the words of fitness spoken,—
Such golden words as hers for whom
Our autumn flowers have just made room;
Whose hopeful utterance through and through
The freshness of the morning blew;
Who loved not less the earth that light
Fell on it from the heavens in sight,
But saw in all fair forms more fair
The Eternal beauty mirrored there.
Whose eighty years but added grace
And saintlier meaning to her face,—
The look of one who bore away
Glad tidings from the hills of day,
While all our hearts went forth to meet
The coming of her beautiful feet!
Or haply hers whose pilgrim tread
Is in the paths where Jesus led;
Who dreams her childhood's Sabbath dream

By Jordan's willow-shaded stream,
And, of the hymns of hope and faith,
Sung by the monks of Nazareth,
Hears pious echoes, in the call
To prayer, from Moslem minarets fall,
Repeating where His works were wrought
The lesson that her Master taught,
Of whom an elder Sibyl gave,
The prophecies of Cumæ's cave!

"I ask no organ's soulless breath
To drone the themes of life and death,
No altar candle-lit by day,
No ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play,
No cool philosophy to teach
Its bland audacities of speech
To double-tasked idolaters,
Themselves their gods and worshippers,
No pulpit hammered by the fist
Of loud-asserting dogmatist,
Who borrows for the hand of love
The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.
I know how well the fathers taught,
What work the later schoolmen wrought;
I reverence old-time faith and men,
But God is near us now as then;
His force of love is still unspent,
His hate of sin as imminent;
And still the measure of our needs
Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds;
The manna gathered yesterday
Already savors of decay;
Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown

Question us now from star and stone;
Too little or too much we know,
And sight is swift and faith is slow;
The power is lost to self-deceive
With shallow forms of make-believe.
We walk at high noon, and the bells
Call to a thousand oracles,
But the sound deafens, and the light
Is stronger than our dazzled sight;
The letters of the sacred Book
Glimmer and swim beneath our look;
Still struggles in the Age's breast
With deepening agony of quest
The old entreaty: 'Art thou He,
Or look we for the Christ to be?'

"God should be most where man is least;
So, where is neither church nor priest,
And never rag of form or creed
To clothe the nakedness of need,—
Where farmer-folk in silence meet,—
I turn my bell-unsummoned feet;
I lay the critic's glass aside,
I tread upon my lettered pride,
And, lowest-seated, testify
To the oneness of humanity;
Confess the universal want,
And share whatever Heaven may grant.
He findeth not who seeks his own,
The soul is lost that 's saved alone.
Not on one favored forehead fell
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,
But flamed o'er all the thronging host

The baptism of the Holy Ghost;
Heart answers heart: in one desire
The blending lines of prayer aspire;
'Where, in my name, meet two or three,'
Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be!'

"So sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.
The sphere of the supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.
The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer:—
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
A great compassion clasps about,
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.
Then duty leaves to love its task,
The beggar Self forgets to ask;
With smile of trust and folded hands,
The passive soul in waiting stands
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One true Life its own renew.

"So, to the calmly gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught,
The mystery dimly understood,
That love of God is love of good,
And, chiefly, its divinest trace
In Him of Nazareth's holy face;
That to be saved is only this,—

Salvation from our selfishness,
From more than elemental fire,
The soul's unsanctified desire,
From sin itself, and not the pain
That warns us of its chafing chain;
That worship's deeper meaning lies
In mercy, and not sacrifice,
Not proud humilities of sense
And posturing of penitence,
But love's unforced obedience;
That Book and Church and Day are given
For man, not God,—for earth, not heaven,—
The blessèd means to holiest ends,
Not masters, but benignant friends;
That the dear Christ dwells not afar,
The king of some remoter star,
Listening, at times, with flattered ear,
To homage wrung from selfish fear,
But here, amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, He lives to-day."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Nor in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:

Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the Master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.

Hark, how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OF HYM THAT TOGYDER WYLL SERVE TWO MAYSTERS.

A FOLE he is and voyde of reason
 Whiche with one hounde tendyth to take
Two harys in one instant and season;
 Rightso is he that wolde undertake
 Hym to two lordes a servaunt to make;
For whether that he be lefe or lothe,
The one he shall displease, or els bothe.

A fole also he is withouten doute,
And in his porpose sothly blyndyd sore,
Which doth entende labour or go aboute
To serve god, and also his wretchyd store
Of worldly ryches: for as I sayde before,
He that togyder will two maysters serve
Shall one displease and nat his love deserve.

For he that with one hounde wol take also
Two harys togyther in one instant
For the moste parte doth the both two forgo,
And if he one have: harde it is and skant
And that blynd fole mad and ignorant
That draweth thre boltis atons* in one bowe
At one marke shall shote to[o] high or to[o] lowe.

He that his mynde settyth god truly to serve
And his sayntes: this worlde settynge at nought
Shall for rewarde everlastynge joy deserve,
But in this worlde he that settyth his thought
All men to please, and in favour to be brought,
Must lout and lurke, flater, laude, and lye:
And cloke in knavys counseyll, though it fals be.

.

Wherfore I may prove by these examples playne
That it is better more godly and plesant
To leve this mondayne casualte and payne
And to thy maker one god to be servaunt.
Which whyle thou lyvest shall nat let the want
That thou desyrest justly, for thy syrvyce,
And than after gyve the, the joyes of Paradyse.

From the German of SEBASTIAN BRANDT.
Translation of ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

* At once.

RELIGION AND DOCTRINE.

He stood before the Sanhedrim;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him;
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise.
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear.
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way,
For he was blind.
And I am he;
For I was blind, but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore;
A prophet on the Sabbath day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see, who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride;

Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint; but as for me,
One thing I know, that I am he
Who once was blind, and now I see.

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,
Beneath their wide phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs;
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath day;
And what the Christ had done for him,
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

JOHN HAY.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears,
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate—folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,

Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe!

For thence—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink
i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh hath soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want
play?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone
way?

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once, "How good to
live and learn?"

Not once beat "Praise be Thine!
I see the whole design,

I, who saw Power, shall see Love perfect too:
Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete—I trust what Thou shalt do!"

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest:
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute—gain most, as we did best!

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone

Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Be the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here dies another day."

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
"This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past."

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made;
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age; wait death nor be afraid!

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive:
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They, this thing, and I, that: whom shall my soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast; why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;

Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Scull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down, but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash, and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,

Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:

So, take and use Thy work!
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

FROM "HUDIBRAS," PART I.

He was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended

For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE PROBLEM.

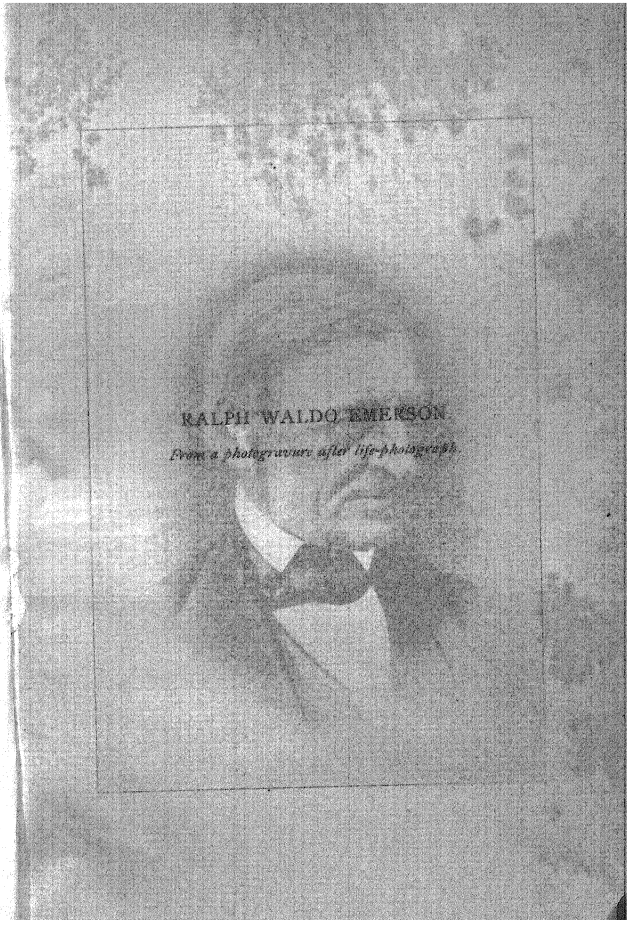
I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowlèd churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle:
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;

The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe.
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

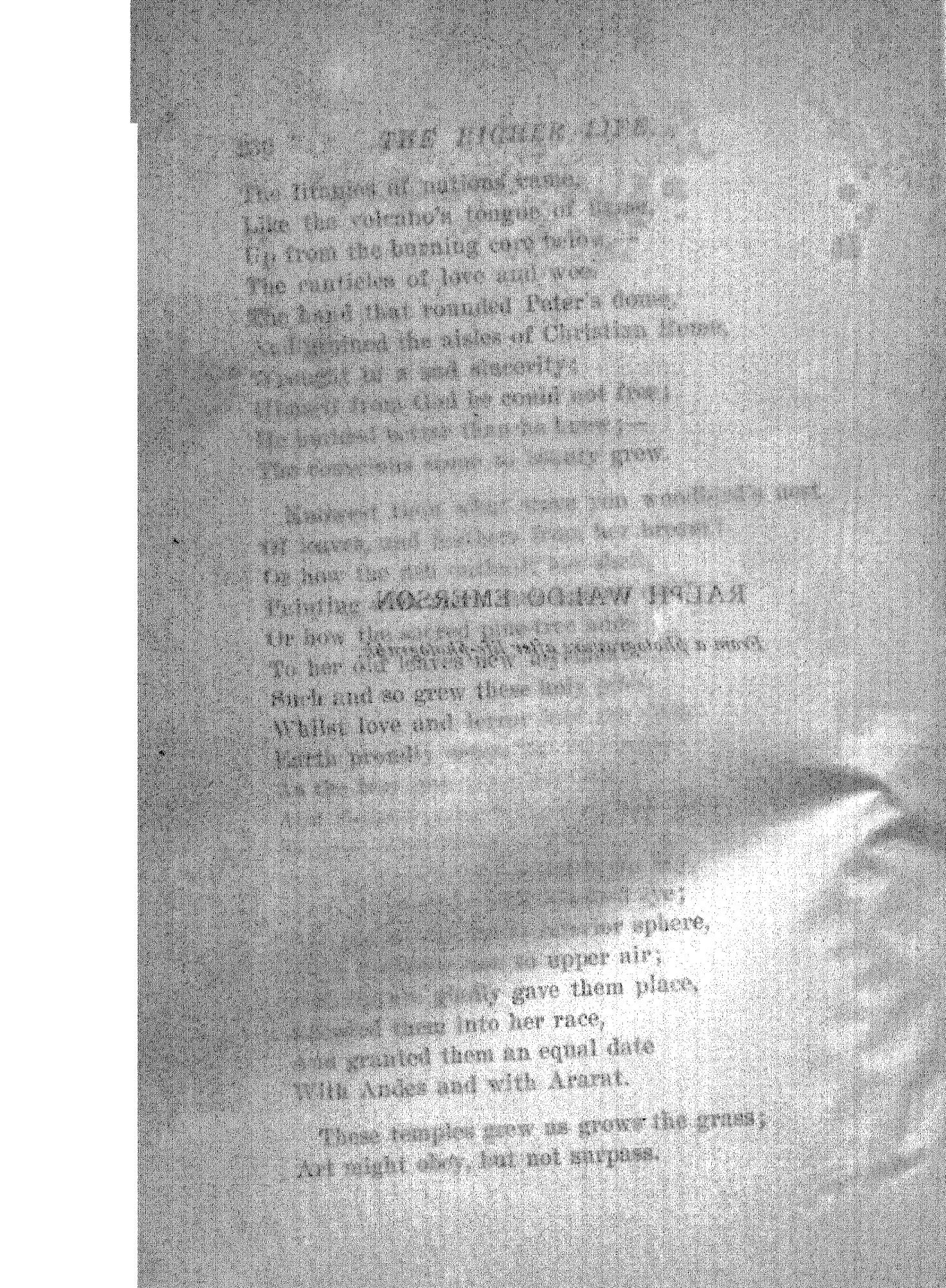
Knowest thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

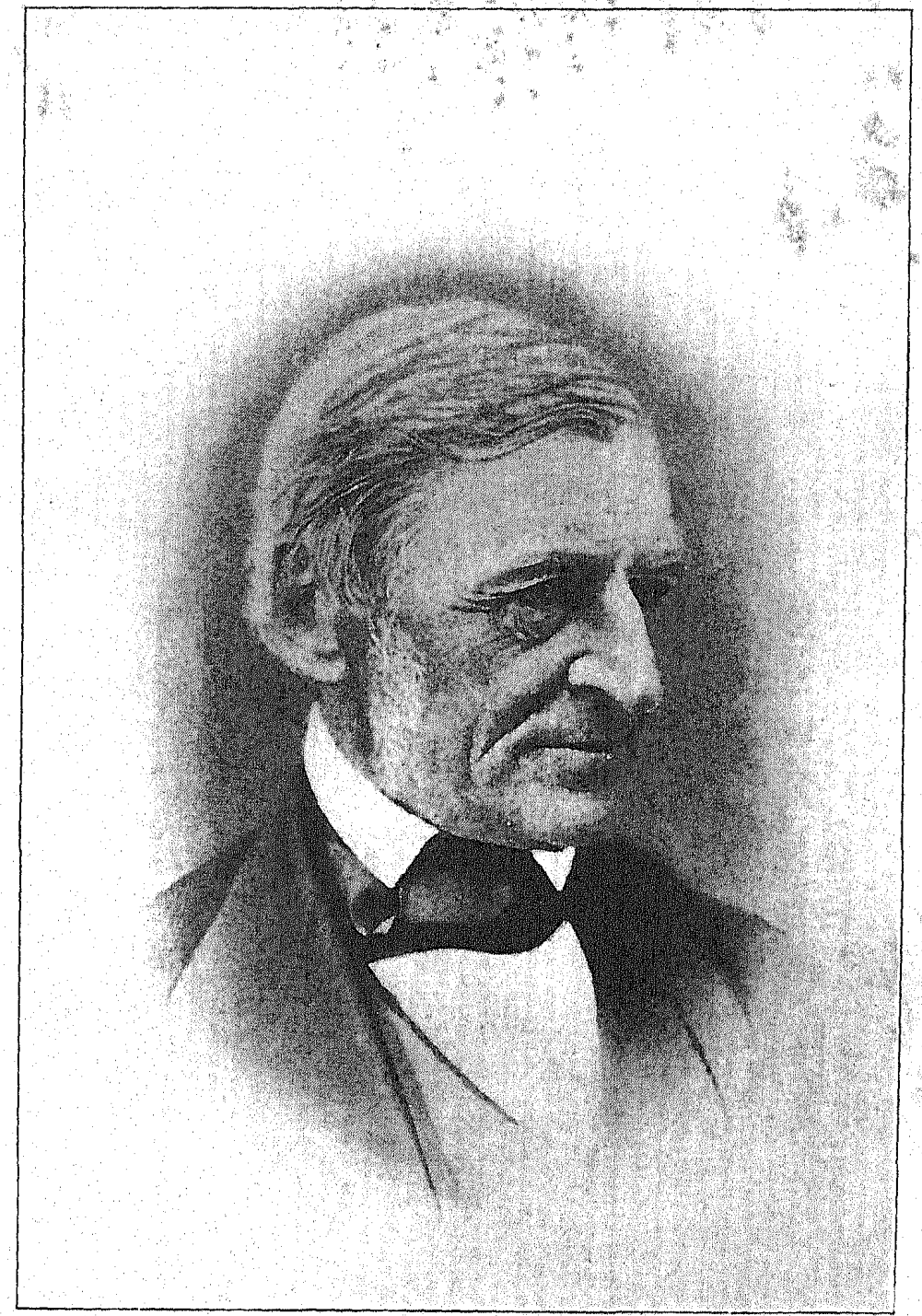
These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

From a photogravure after life-photograph





The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise,—
The Book itself before me lies,—
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger Golden Lips or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowlèd portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ON AN INFANT

WHICH DIED BEFORE BAPTISM.

"Be, rather than be called, a child of God,"
Death whispered!—with assenting nod,
Its head upon its mother's breast,
The baby bowed, without demur—
Of the kingdom of the Blest
Possessor, not inheritor.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

"Religion relates to life, and the life of religion is to do good."—SWEDENBORG.

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor woman's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.
That was his deed.
He did it well.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.

Blessed "in his basket and his store,"
In sitting down and rising up;
When more he got, he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup.

He took the lead
In each good task.
"What was his creed?"
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
Soft, white, and silent in its fall;
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves,—a pall
For flowers and weed,
Drooping below.
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old,
Hope he inspired; kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we should feed
As well as pray.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust;
His faith in words he never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it.
In time of need
A friend was he.
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.

He put his trust in heaven, and he
Worked well with hand and head;

And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
For life is brief.
What was his creed—
What his belief?

ANONYMOUS.

THE PHILOSOPHER TOAD.

Down deep in the hollow, so damp and so cold,
Where oaks are by ivy o'ergrown,
The gray moss and lichen creep over the mould,
Lying loose on a ponderous stone.
Now within this huge stone, like a king on his throne,
A toad has been sitting more years than is known;
And, strange as it seems, yet he constantly deems
The world standing still while he's dreaming his dreams,—
Does this wonderful toad in his cheerful abode
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in the hollow, from morning till night,
Dun shadows glide over the ground,
Where a watercourse once, as it sparkled with light,
Turned a ruined old mill-wheel around:

Long years have passed by since its bed became dry,
And the trees grow so close, scarce a glimpse of the sky
Is seen in the hollow, so dark and so damp,
Where the glow-worm at noonday is trimming his lamp,
And hardly a sound from the thicket around,
Where the rabbit and squirrel leap over the ground,
Is heard by the toad in his spacious abode
In the innermost heart of that ponderous stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in that hollow the bees never come,
The shade is too black for a flower;
And jewel-winged birds with their musical hum,
Never flash in the night of that bower;
But the cold-blooded snake, in the edge of the brake,
Lies amid the rank grass, half asleep, half awake;
And the ashen-white snail, with the slime in its trail,
Moves wearily on like a life's tedious tale,
Yet disturbs not the toad in his spacious abode,
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in a hollow some wiseacres sit,
Like a toad in his cell in the stone;
Around them in daylight the blind owlets flit,
And their creeds are with ivy o'ergrown;—

Their stream may go dry, and the wheels
cease to ply,
And their glimpses be few of the sun and the
sky,
Still they hug to their breast every time-hon-
ored guest,
And slumber and doze in inglorious rest;
For no progress they find in the wide sphere
of mind,
And the world 's standing still with all of their
kind;
Contented to dwell deep down in the well,
Or move like a snail in the crust of his shell,
Or live like the toad in his narrow abode,
With their souls closely wedged in a thick wall of
stone,
By the gray weeds of prejudice rankly o'ergrown.

REBECCA S. NICHOLS.

HER CREED.

She stood before a chosen few,
With modest air and eyes of blue;
A gentle creature, in whose face
Were mingled tenderness and grace.

"You wish to join our fold," they said:
"Do you believe in all that's read
From ritual and written creed,
Essential to our human need?"

A troubled look was in her eyes;
She answered, as in vague surprise,

As though the sense to her were dim,
"I only strive to follow Him."

They knew her life; how, oft she stood,
Sweet in her guileless maidenhood,
By dying bed, in hovel lone,
Whose sorrow she had made her own.

Oft had her voice in prayer been heard,
Sweet as the voice of singing bird;
Her hand been open in distress;
Her joy to brighten and to bless.

Yet still she answered, when they sought
To know her inmost earnest thought,
With look as of the seraphim,
"I only strive to follow Him."

Creeds change as ages come and go;
We see by faith, but little know:
Perchance the sense was not so dim
To her who "strove to follow Him."

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON.

MY CREED.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds
 Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 't is on the rounds
 Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
 A selfish scheme, a vain pretence;

Where centre is not—can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,—
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nursling bird,
Or the sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door, a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'T is not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints: we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

ALICE CARY.

GIVE ME THY HEART.

With echoing steps the worshippers
Departed one by one;
The organ's pealing voice was stilled,
The vesper hymn was done;

The shadow fell from roof and arch,
 Dim was the incensed air,
One lamp alone, with trembling ray,
 Told of the Presence there!

In the dark church she knelt alone;
 Her tears were falling fast;
"Help, Lord," she cried, "the shades of death
 Upon my soul are cast!
Have I not shunned the path of sin,
 And chose the better part?"—
What voice came through the sacred air?—
 "*My child, give me thy heart!*"

"Have not I laid before thy shrine
 My wealth, O Lord?" she cried;
"Have I kept aught of gems or gold,
 To minister to pride?
Have I not bade youth's joys retire,
 And vain delights depart?"—
But sad and tender was the voice,—
 "*My child, give me thy heart!*"

"Have I not, Lord, gone day by day
 Where thy poor children dwell;
And carried help, and gold, and food?
 O Lord, thou know'st it well!
From many a house, from many a soul,
 My hand bids care depart" :—
More sad, more tender was the voice,—
 "*My child, give me thy heart!*"

"Have I not worn my strength away
 With fast and penance sore?

Have I not watched and wept?" she cried;
"Did thy dear saints do more?
Have I not gained thy grace, O Lord,
And won in heaven my part?"—
It echoed louder in her soul,—
"*My child, give me thy heart!*

"For I have loved thee with a love
No mortal heart can show;
A love so deep my saints in heaven
Its depths can never know:
When pierced and wounded on the cross,
Man's sin and doom were mine,
I loved thee with undying love,
Immortal and divine!

"I loved thee ere the skies were spread;
My soul bears all thy pains;
To gain thy love my sacred heart
In earthly shrines remains:
Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,
Without one gift divine;
Give it, my child, thy heart to me,
And it shall rest in mine!"

In awe she listened, as the shade
Passed from her soul away;
In low and trembling voice she cried,—
"Lord, help me to obey!
Break thou the chains of earth, O Lord,
That bind and hold my heart;
Let it be thine and thine alone,
Let none with thee have part.

"Send down, O Lord, thy sacred fire!
Consume and cleanse the sin
That lingers still within its depths:
Let heavenly love begin.
That sacred flame thy saints have known,
Kindle, O Lord, in me,
Thou above all the rest forever,
And all the rest in thee."

The blessing fell upon her soul;
Her angel by her side
Knew that the hour of peace was come;
Her soul was purified;
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air,—
But peace went with her as she left
The sacred Presence there!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

O, MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE!

O, MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,

Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better,—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude,
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love,
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us, who strive to follow.

May I reach
That purest heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!

So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

MARIAN EVANS LEWES CROSS (*George Eliot*).

O YET WE TRUST THAT SOMEHOW GOOD.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM," LIII.

O YET we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
 An infant crying in the night:
 An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

DAY BREAKS.

WHAT dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower,
Is the day breaking? Comes the wished-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land.

"The stars are clear above me; scarcely one
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun;
But I yet see on the horizon's verge
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."

Look forth again, O watcher on the tower,—
The people wake and languish for the hour;
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine
For the full daylight that they know must shine.

"I see not well,—the moon is cloudy still,—
There is a radiance on the distant hill;
Even as I watch the glory seems to grow;
But the stars blink, and the night breezes blow."

And is that all, O watcher on the tower?
Look forth again; it must be near the hour;
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?

"A mist envelops them; I cannot trace
Their outline; but the day comes on apace:

The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim; the morning
breaks."

We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower:
But look again, and tell us, hour by hour,
All thou beholdest: many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!

"I see the hill-tops now, and chanticleer
Crows his prophetic carol on mine ear;
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,
And ocean gleaming in the light of morn."

Again, again, O watcher on the tower!
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?

"I hope, but cannot tell; I hear a song,
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong,
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."

What doth he say, O watcher on the tower?
Is he a prophet? does the dawning hour
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime,
Filled with the glories of the future time?

"He prophesies,—his heart is full; his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day;
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."

We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When error shall decay, and truth grow strong,
And light shall rule supreme and conquer
wrong?

"He sings of brotherhood and joy and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall cease, and man's progressive
mind
Soar as unfettered as its God designed."

Well done, thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? Dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it; tell us yet again
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?

"It breaks! it comes! the misty shadows fly:
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear,
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near."

CHARLES MACKAY.

MY HOME.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR A HOUSE IN THE GREEN PARISH OF DEVONSHIRE.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the sparres of which I lie,
Both soft and drie;

Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate;
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by the poore,
Who hither come and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen 's small;
A little butterie, and therein
A little byn,
Which keeps my little loafe of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose loving coals I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that bee
There placed by thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the messe
Of water-cresse,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those and my belovèd beet
More sweet.
'T is thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltlesse mirth,
And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink,

Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 't is thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles my land,
And gives me for my bushel sowne,
Twice ten for one.
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day,
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each yeare;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run creame for wine.
All these and better thou dost send
Me to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankfulle heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resigne
As wholly thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

PEACE.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly
crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave;
And asked if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No!
Go, seek elsewhere."

I did; and, going, did a rainbow note:
"Surely," thought I,
"This is the lace of Peace's coat.

I will search out the matter."
But, while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,—
The crown-imperial. "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell."
But, when I digged, I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend, good old man;
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.
But, after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth.
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtue lies therein,—
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you:

Make bread of it; and that repose
And peace which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there."

GEORGE HERBERT.

PEACE.

Is this the peace of God, this strange sweet calm?
The weary day is at its zenith still,
Yet 't is as if beside some cool, clear rill,
Through shadowy stillness rose an evening psalm,
And all the noise of life were hushed away,
And tranquil gladness reigned with gently soothing sway.

It was not so just now. I turned aside
With aching head, and heart most sorely bowed;
Around me cares and griefs in crushing crowd,
While inly rose the sense, in swelling tide,
Of weakness, insufficiency, and sin,
And fear, and gloom, and doubt in mighty flood rolled in.

That rushing flood I had no power to meet,
Nor power to flee: my present, future, past,
Myself, my sorrow, and my sin I cast
In utter helplessness at Jesu's feet:
Then bent me to the storm, if such his will.
He saw the winds and waves, and whispered, "Peace, be still!"

And there was calm! O Saviour, I have proved
That thou to help and save art really near:
How else this quiet rest from grief and fear
And all distress? The cross is not removed,
I must go forth to bear it as before,
But, leaning on thine arm, I dread its weight no more.

Is it indeed thy peace? I have not tried
To analyze my faith, dissect my trust,
Or measure if belief be full and just,
And therefore claim thy peace. But thou hast died,
I know that this is true for me,
And, knowing it, I come, and cast my all on thee.

It is not that I feel less weak, but thou
Wilt be my strength; it is not that I see
Less sin, but more of pardoning love with thee,
And all-sufficient grace. Enough! and now
All fluttering thought is stilled, I only rest,
And feel that thou art near, and know that I am blest.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

LIVING WATERS.

THERE are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep
As ever Summer saw;
And cool their water is,—yea, cool and sweet;—
But you must come to draw.

They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,
And not unsought will give;
They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst
To follow dusty ways,
And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
Where the tired traveller strays;
That never ask the meadows if they want
What is their joy to give;—
Unasked, their lives to other life they grant,
So self-bestowed they live!

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,
Wherein all waters fall;
That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,
Feeding and bearing all;
That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,
That takes, again to give;—
Even the great and loving heart of God,
Whereby all love doth live.

CAROLINE S. SPENCER.

DEVOTION.

The immortal gods
Accept the meanest altars, that are raised
By pure devotion; and sometimes prefer
An ounce of frankincense, honey, or milk,
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabæan gems,
Offered in ostentation.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

THE SEASIDE WELL.

"Waters flowed over mine head; then I said, I am cut off."—LAMENTATIONS iii. 54.

ONE day I wandered where the salt sea-tide
Backward had drawn its wave,
And found a spring as sweet as e'er hillside
To wild-flowers gave.
Freshly it sparkled in the sun's bright look,
And mid its pebbles strayed,
As if it thought to join a happy brook
In some green glade.

But soon the heavy sea's resistless swell
Came rolling in once more,
Spreading its bitter o'er the clear sweet well
And pebbled shore.
Like a fair star thick buried in a cloud,
Or life in the grave's gloom,
The well, enwrapped in a deep watery shroud,
Sunk to its tomb.

As one who by the beach roams far and wide,
Remnant of wreck to save,
Again I wandered when the salt sea-tide
Withdrew its wave;
And there, unchanged, no taint in all its sweet,
No anger in its tone,
Still as it thought some happy brook to meet,
The spring flowed on.

While waves of bitterness rolled o'er its head,
Its heart had folded deep
Within itself, and quiet fancies led,
As in a sleep;
Till, when the ocean loosed his heavy chain,
And gave it back to day,
Calmly it turned to its own life again
And gentle way.

Happy, I thought, that which can draw its life
Deep from the nether springs,
Safe 'neath the pressure, tranquil mid the strife,
Of surface things.
Safe—for the sources of the nether springs
Up in the far hills lie;
Calm—for the life its power and freshness brings
Down from the sky.

So, should temptations threaten, and should sin
Roll in its whelming flood,
Make strong the fountain of thy grace within
My soul, O God!
If bitter scorn, and looks, once kind, grown strange,
With crushing chillness fall,
From secret wells let sweetness rise, nor change
My heart to gall!

When sore thy hand doth press, and waves of thine
Afflict me like a sea,—
Deep calling deep,—infuse from source divine
Thy peace in me!

And when death's tide, as with a brimful cup,
Over my soul doth pour,
Let hope survive,—a well that springeth up
Forevermore!

Above my head the waves may come and go,
Long brood the deluge dire,
But life lies hidden in the depths below
Till waves retire,—
Till death, that reigns with overflowing flood,
At length withdraw its sway,
And life rise sparkling in the sight of God
An endless day.

ANONYMOUS.

ULTIMA VERITAS.

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,—

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail:

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;

I know that passion needs
 The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
 Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey;
 That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
 For the beautiful feet of Peace;—

In the darkest night of the year,
 When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
 That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
 And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
 Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
 Is a Love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
 I shall see Him, and I will wait.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

The play is done,—the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around, to say farewell.

It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he 's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that 's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,—
Let 's close it with a parting rhyme;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As flits the merry Christmas time;
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts
That fate erelong shall bid you play;
Good night!—with honest, gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

Good night!—I 'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age;
I 'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men,—
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I 'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys,—
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I 'd say how fate may change and shift,—

The prize be sometimes with the fool,
 The race not always to the swift:
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
 The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
 Blessèd be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
 Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
 That 's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit,—
 Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we 'll kneel,
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance
 And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen!—whatever fate be sent,
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
 And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize,—
 Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead,—
 The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
 I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
 Be this, good friends, our carol still,—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
 To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE NEW YEAR.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM," CV.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

LIFE.

It is not life upon thy gifts to live,
But to grow fixed with deeper roots in Thee;
And when the sun and showers their bounties give,
To send out thick-leaved limbs; a fruitful tree
Whose green head meets the eye for many a mile,
Whose spreading boughs a friendly shelter rear,
And full-faced fruits their blushing welcome smile
As to its goodly shade our feet draw near.
Who tastes its gifts shall never hunger more,
For 't is the Father spreads the pure repast,
Who, while we eat, renews the ready store,
Which at his bounteous board must ever last;
And, as the more we to his children lend,
The more to us doth of his bounty send.

JONES VERY.

SELECTIONS

FROM PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE POET'S THEME.

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos; or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

BOOK IX.

THE TEMPTATION.

THE Sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veiled the horizon round:
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless returned.
By night he fled, and at midnight returned
From compassing the Earth;

.

The orb he roamed
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Considered every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
Him, after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight: for, in the wily snake

Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding; which, in other beasts observed,
Doubt might beget of diabolic power
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.

.

For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come;
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purposed prey.
In bower and field he sought where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance, or plantation for delight;
By fountain or by shady rivulet
He sought them both, but wished his hap might find
Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced; when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round
About her glowed.

.

"She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods.
Not terrible, though terror be in love
And beauty, not approached by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under show of love well feigned;
The way which to her ruin now I tend."
So spake the enemy of mankind, inclosed
In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve
Addressed his way: not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,

Circular base of rising folds, that towered
Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape
And lovely; never since of serpent-kind
Lovelier.

.

So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
To such disport before her through the field,
From every beast; more duteous at her call
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bowed
His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck,
Fawning; and licked the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turned at length
The eye of Eve, to mark his play; he, glad
Of her attention gained, with serpent-tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

"Wonder not, sovran mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst who art sole wonder! much less arm
Thy looks, the Heaven of mildness, with disdain,
Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate; I thus single; nor have feared
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,

Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,
Where universally admired; but here
In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who should
be seen
A goddess among gods, adored and served
By angels numberless, thy daily train."
So glozed the tempter, and his proem tuned:
Into the heart of Eve his words made way.

.

[*After some discourse, the Tempter praises the Tree of Knowledge.*]

So standing, moving, or to height up grown,
The tempter, all impassioned, thus began.
"O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
Mother of science! now I feel thy power
Within me clear; not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deemed however wise.
Queen of this universe! do not believe
Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die:
How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threatener? look on me,
Me, who have touched and tasted; yet both live,
And life more perfect have attained than Fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire

For such a petty trespass? and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,
Deterred not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunned?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God: not feared then, nor obeyed:
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;
Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers? He knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes, that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
That ye shall be as gods, since I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet;
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, gods.
So ye shall die, perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods; death to be wished,
Though threatened, which no worse than this can
bring.
And what are gods, that man may not become
As they, participating godlike food?
The gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds:
I question it; for this fair Earth I see,
Warmed by the Sun, producing every kind;
Them, nothing: if they all things, who inclosed
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains

Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
The offence, that man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
In heavenly breasts?—These, these, and many more
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste."

THE FALL.

He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too easy entrance won:
Fixed on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregned
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
An eager appetite, raised by the smell
So savory of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mused.
"Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired,
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise:
Thy praise he also who forbids thy use

Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste! but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy
The good befallen him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then? rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she eat:

Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve
Intent now wholly on her taste nought else
Regarded; such delight till then, as seemed,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge: nor was Godhead from her thought.
Greedily she ingorged without restraint,
And knew not eating death.

BOOK XI.

INTERCESSION AND REDEMPTION.

Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breathed
Unutterable; which the spirit of prayer
Inspired, and winged for Heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors; nor important less
Seemed their petition, than when the ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drowned, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds

Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they passed
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began.
"See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in Man; these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mixed
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savor, from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees
Of Paradise could have produced ere fallen
From innocence. Now, therefore, bend thine ear
To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him; me, his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good, or not good, ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me; and, in me, from these receive
The smell of peace toward mankind: let him live
Before thee reconciled, at least his days
Numbered though sad; till death his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,)
To better life shall yield him: where with me
All my redeemed may dwell in joy and bliss;
Made one with me, as I with thee am one."
To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.
"All thy request for Man, accepted Son,

Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But, longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements, that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him, tainted now; and purge him off,
As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,
And mortal food; as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distempered all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
Created him endowed; with happiness,
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other served but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death: so death becomes
His final remedy; and, after life,
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Waked in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth renewed."

EVE'S LAMENT.

O UNEXPECTED stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods; where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank

Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

EVE TO ADAM.

With sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
This further consolation, yet secure,
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed,
By me the promised Seed shall all restore.

BOOK XII.

THE DEPARTURE FROM PARADISE.

In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.

Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them
soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and
slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON.

V.

HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that, at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

GEORGE HERBERT.

DUTY.

I SLEPT and dreamed that life was Beauty:
I woke and found that life was Duty:
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER.

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove—
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not;
Long may the kindly impulse last!
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought;
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires,
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SELF-INQUIRY.

Let not soft slumber close my eyes,
Before I 've recollected thrice
The train of action through the day!
Where have my feet chose out their way?
What have I learnt, where'er I 've been,
From all I have heard, from all I 've seen?
What know I more that 's worth the knowing?
What have I done that 's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE THREE ENEMIES.

THE FLESH.

"Sweet, thou art pale."
"More pale to see,
Christ hung upon the cruel tree
And bore his Father's wrath for me."

"Sweet, thou art sad."
"Beneath a rod
More heavy Christ for my sake trod
The wine-press of the wrath of God."

"Sweet, thou art weary."
"Not so Christ:
Whose mighty love of me sufficed
For strength, salvation, eucharist."

"Sweet, thou art footsore."
"If I bleed,
His feet have bled: yea, in my need
His heart once bled for mine indeed."

THE WORLD.

"Sweet, thou art young."
"So he was young
Who for my sake in silence hung
Upon the cross with passion wrung."

"Look, thou art fair."
"He was more fair
Than men, who deigned for me to wear
A visage marred beyond compare."

"And thou hast riches."
"Daily bread:
All else is his; who living, dead,
For me lacked where to lay his head."

"And life is sweet."
"It was not so
To him, whose cup did overflow
With mine unutterable woe."

THE DEVIL.

"Thou drinkest deep."

"When Christ would sup
He drained the dregs from out my cup;
So how should I be lifted up?"

"Thou shalt win glory."

"In the skies,
Lord Jesus, cover up mine eyes,
Lest they should look on vanities."

"Thou shalt have knowledge."

"Helpless dust,
In thee, O Lord, I put my trust:
Answer thou for me, Wise and Just."

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

SAID I NOT SO?

Said I not so,—that I would sin no more?
Witness, my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the score:
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do?—make vows and break them still?
'T will be but labor lost;
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
The business will be crost.

O, say not so; thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length.
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,

Thy God will pardon all that's past.
Vow while thou canst; while thou canst vow, thou may'st
Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not denied thee all,
Whilst he permits thee but to call.
Call to thy God for grace to keep
Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep.
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.
Then once again
I vow to mend my ways;
Lord, say Amen,
And thine be all the praise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Nothing but leaves; the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made, but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife;
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds,—lo! tares and weeds:
We reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past:
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We find, sadly, at last,
Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,
We stand before him, humbled, mute;
Waiting the words he breathes,—
"Nothing but leaves?"

LUCY E. AKERMAN.

THE WORLD.

"And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."—JOHN xvi. 8.

THE world is wise, for the world is old;
Five thousand years their tale have told;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is kind if we ask not too much;
It is sweet to the taste, and smooth to the touch;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is strong, with an awful strength,
And full of life in its breadth and length;

Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is so beautiful one may fear
Its borrowed beauty might make it too dear,
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is good in its own poor way,
There is rest by night and high spirits by day;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The cross shines fair, and the church-bell rings,
And the earth is peopled with holy things;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

What lackest thou, world? for God made thee of old;
Why,—thy faith hath gone out, and thy love grown cold;
Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the want of Christ's simplicity.

It is blood that thou lackest, thou poor old world!
Who shall make thy love hot for thee, frozen old world?

Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the love of dear Jesus is little in thee.

Poor world! if thou cravest a better day,
Remember that Christ must have his own way;
I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be,
But the love of God would do all for thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

"THERE is no God," the foolish saith,
But none, "There is no sorrow";
And nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
Who ne'er said, "God be praised."
Be pitiful, O God!

The tempest stretches from the steep
The shadow of its coming;
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,
As help were in the human:
Yet while the cloud-wheels roll and grind
We spirits tremble under!—
The hills have echoes; but we find
No answer for the thunder.
Be pitiful, O God!

The battle hurtles on the plains—
Earth feels new scythes upon her:

We reap our brothers for the wains,
And call the harvest, honor,—
Draw face to face, front line to line,
One image all inherit,—
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
Clay, clay,—and spirit, spirit.
Be pitiful, O God!

The plague runs festering through the town,
And never a bell is tolling:
And corpses jostled 'neath the moon,
Nod to the dead-cart's rolling.
The young child calleth for the cup—
The strong man brings it weeping;
The mother from her babe looks up,
And shrieks away its sleeping.
Be pitiful, O God!

The plague of gold strides far and near,
And deep and strong it enters:
This purple chimar which we wear,
Makes madder than the centaur's.
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange;
We cheer the pale gold-diggers—
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,
And marked, like sheep, with figures.
Be pitiful, O God!

The curse of gold upon the land,
The lack of bread enforces—
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's White Horses:

Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the love of dear Jesus is little in thee.

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Be pitiful, O God!

The curse of gold upon the land,
The lack of bread enforces—
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's White Horses:

The rich preach "rights" and future days,
And hear no angel scoffing:
The poor die mute—with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the offing.
Be pitiful, O God!

We meet together at the feast—
To private mirth betake us—
We stare down in the winecup lest
Some vacant chair should shake us!
We name delight, and pledge it round—
"It shall be ours to-morrow!"
God's seraphs, do your voices sound
As sad in naming sorrow?
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes,
"And how long will you love us?"
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voice is low and breathless—
"Till death us part!"—O words, to be
Our *best* for love the deathless!
Be pitiful, dear God!

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed—
Our tears drop on the lids that said
Last night, "Be stronger hearted!"
O God,—to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!—

To see a light upon such brows,
 Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!

The happy children come to us,
 And look up in our faces:
They ask us—Was it thus, and thus,
 When we were in their places?
We cannot speak:—we see anew
 The hills we used to live in;
And feel our mother's smile press through
 The kisses she is giving.
Be pitiful, O God!

We pray together at the kirk,
 For mercy, mercy, solely—
Hands weary with the evil work,
 We lift them to the Holy!
The corpse is calm below our knee—
 Its spirit bright before thee—
Between them, worse than either, we—
 Without the rest of glory!
Be pitiful, O God!

We leave the communing of men,
 The murmur of the passions;
And live alone, to live again
 With endless generations.
Are we so brave?—The sea and sky
 In silence lift their mirrors;
And, glassed therein, our spirits high
 Recoil from their own terrors.
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
 Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding:
The sun strikes through the farthest mist,
 The city's spire to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
 When hope and health were strong;
But now it is the churchyard grass,
 We look upon the longest.
Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull—
 Men whisper, "He is dying":
We cry no more, "Be pitiful!"—
 We have no strength for crying:
No strength, no need! Then, Soul of mine,
 Look up and triumph rather—
Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,
 The Son adjures the Father—
BE PITIFUL, O GOD.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

A FOLK-SONG.

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."—LUKE xxii. 31.

IN Saint Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
 Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
 Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

VANITY.

THE sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green, and the year grows brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand,
Gliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all, when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight
Getting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And alway the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

ANONYMOUS.

DIFFERENT MINDS.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

MY RECOVERY.

Recovery,—daughter of Creation too,
Though not for immortality designed,—
The Lord of life and death
Sent thee from heaven to me!
Had I not heard thy gentle tread approach,
Not heard the whisper of thy welcome voice,
Death had with iron foot
My chilly forehead pressed.

'T is true, I then had wandered where the earths
Roll around suns; had strayed along the paths
Where the maned comet soars
Beyond the armèd eye;
And with the rapturous, eager greet had hailed
The inmates of those earths and of those suns;
Had hailed the countless host
That throng the comet's disc;
Had asked the novice questions, and obtained
Such answers as a sage vouchsafes to youth;
Had learned in hours far more
Than ages here unfold!
But I had then not ended here below
What, in the enterprising bloom of life,
Fate with no light behest
Required me to begin.
Recovery,—daughter of Creation too,
Though not for immortality designed,—
The Lord of life and death
Sent thee from heaven to me!

From the German of FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.
Translation of W. TAYLOR.

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,

Our pleasures and our discontents,
 Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
 That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
 And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
 The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
 That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
 The action of the nobler will:—

All these must first be trampled down
 Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
 The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
 But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
 The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
 That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
 Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
 Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
 As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
 With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
 A path to higher destinies.

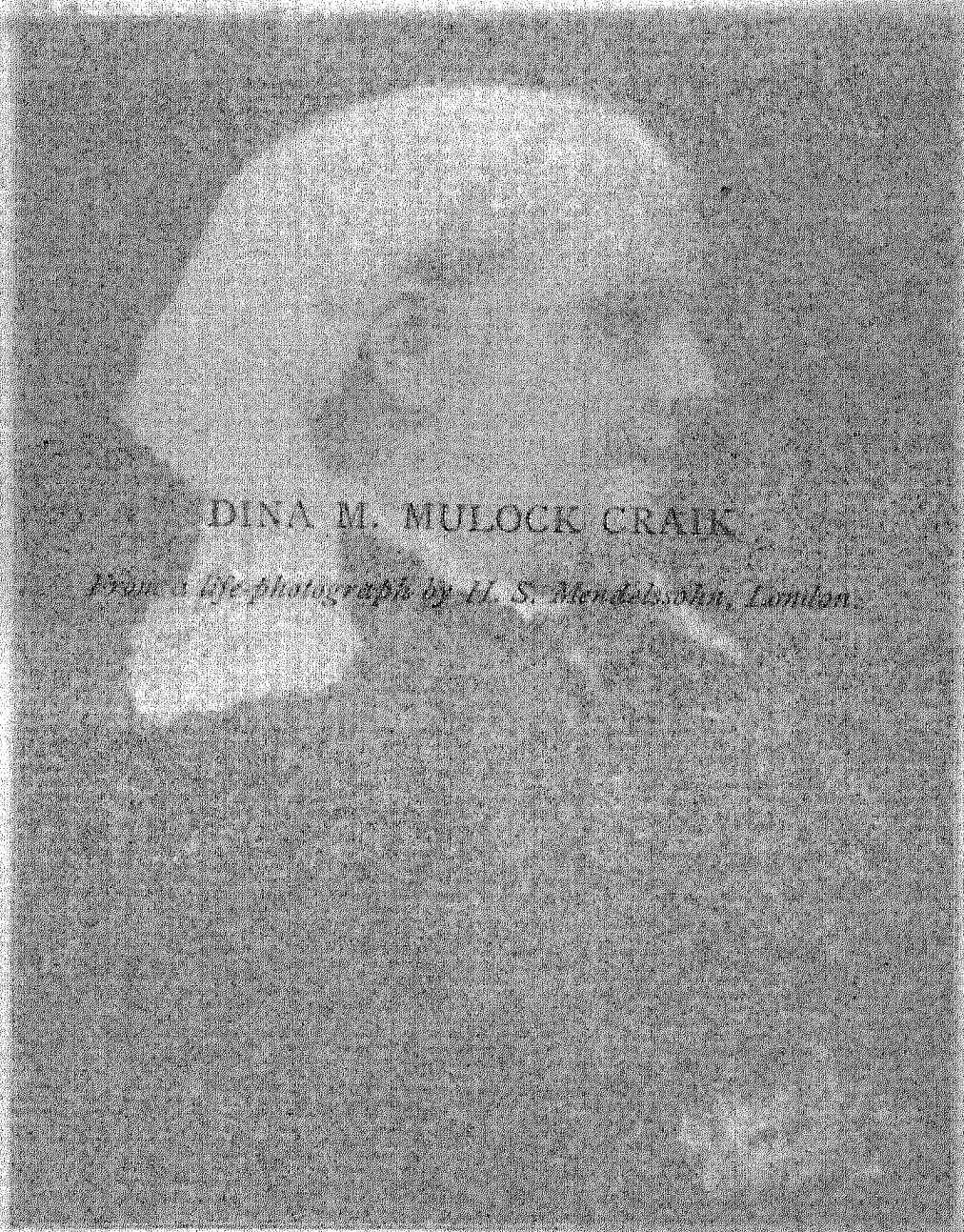
Nor deem the irrevocable Past
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
 To something nobler we attain.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

"CARRY me across!"
The Syrian heard, rose up, and braced
His huge limbs to the accustomed toil:
"My child, see how the waters boil?
The night-black heavens look angry-faced;
 But life is little loss.

"I 'll carry thee with joy,
If needs be, safe as nestling dove:
For o'er this stream I pilgrims bring



DINA M. MULOCK CRAIK.

From a life photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, London.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

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Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its ruins, fast
We build the Future's firmer fane.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE CHRISTOPHER.

"Ho across!" the Christopher heard, rose up, and answered
Loosed the thole to the accustomed toll;
"Child, see how the waters boil?
The night-black heavens look angry-faced;
But life is worth the risk.

"I'll carry this wild joy,
If needs be, safe as nestling dove;
For o'er the waves I pilgrims bring



In service to one Christ, a King
Whom I have never seen, yet love."
"I thank thee," said the boy.

Cheerful, Arprobus took
The burden on his shoulders great,
And stepped into the waves once more;
When lo! they leaping rise and roar,
And 'neath the little child's light weight
The tottering giant shook.

"Who art thou?" cried he wild,
Struggling in middle of the ford:
"Boy as thou look'st, it seems to me
The whole world's load I bear in thee,
Yet—" "For the sake of Christ, thy Lord,
Carry me," said the child.

No more Arprobus swerved,
But gained the farther bank, and then
A voice cried, "Hence *Christopheros* be!
For carrying thou hast carried Me,
The King of angels and of men,
The Master thou hast served."

And in the moonlight blue
The saint saw,—not the wandering boy,
But him who walked upon the sea
And o'er the plains of Galilee,
Till, filled with mystic, awful joy,
His dear Lord Christ he knew.

Oh, little is all loss,
And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore,

If thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,
Through the deep waters of our way,
The burden that Christopheros bore,—
To carry thee across.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

SCORN NOT THE LAST.

When words are weak and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees that speech could not amend.
Yet higher powers most think though they repine,—
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by;
These fleet afloat while those do fill the dish.
There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high-growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe;
The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,

Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O, IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change
To ill with greater ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! O, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

Blest, is he who can divine
Where the real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE COST OF WORTH.

FROM "BITTER SWEET."

THUS is it all over the earth!
That which we call the fairest,
And prize for its surpassing worth,
Is always rarest.

Iron is heaped in mountain piles,
And gluts the laggard forges;

But gold-flakes gleam in dim defiles
And lonely gorges.

The snowy marble flecks the land
With heaped and rounded ledges,
But diamonds hide within the sand
Their starry edges.

The finny armies clog the twine
That sweeps the lazy river,
But pearls come singly from the brine
With the pale diver.

God gives no value unto men
Unmatched by meed of labor;
And Cost of Worth has ever been
The closest neighbor.

.

All common good has common price;
Exceeding good, exceeding;
Christ bought the keys of Paradise
By cruel bleeding;

And every soul that wins a place
Upon its hills of pleasure,
Must give it all, and beg for grace
To fill the measure.

.

Up the broad stairs that Value rears
Stand motives beck'ning earthward,
To summon men to nobler spheres,
And lead them worthward.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

THE LABORER.

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God!—Who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No: uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus checked;—

These are thine enemies—thy worst:
They chain thee to thy lowly lot;
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
O, stand erect, and from them burst,
And longer suffer not.

Thou art thyself thine enemy:
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'t is but dust;
Nor place—uncertain as the wind;
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up then; that thy little span
Of life may be well trod.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast,—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

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Is this a fast,—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 't is a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate,—
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,—
And that 's to keep thy Lent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

FROM "THE CHURCH PORCH."

THOU whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may find him who a sermon flies
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

.

When thou dost purpose aught (within thy
power),
Be sure to doe it, though it be but small;
Constancie knits the bones, and make us stowre,
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 't is thine own;
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows finde,
He breaks up house, turns out of doores his
minde.

In clothes, cheap handsomenesse doth bear the
bell.
Wisdome's a trimmer thing than shop e'er gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But, This with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiousnesse is a perpetual wooing;
Nothing, with labor; folly, long a doing.

.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou; for thou art there
Only by his permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings; quit
thy state;
All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying 's the end of preaching. O, be drest!

Stay not for th' other pin: why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good: if *all* want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence.

GEORGE HERBERT.

BRIEFS.

WATER TURNED INTO WINE.

THE conscious water saw its God and blushed.

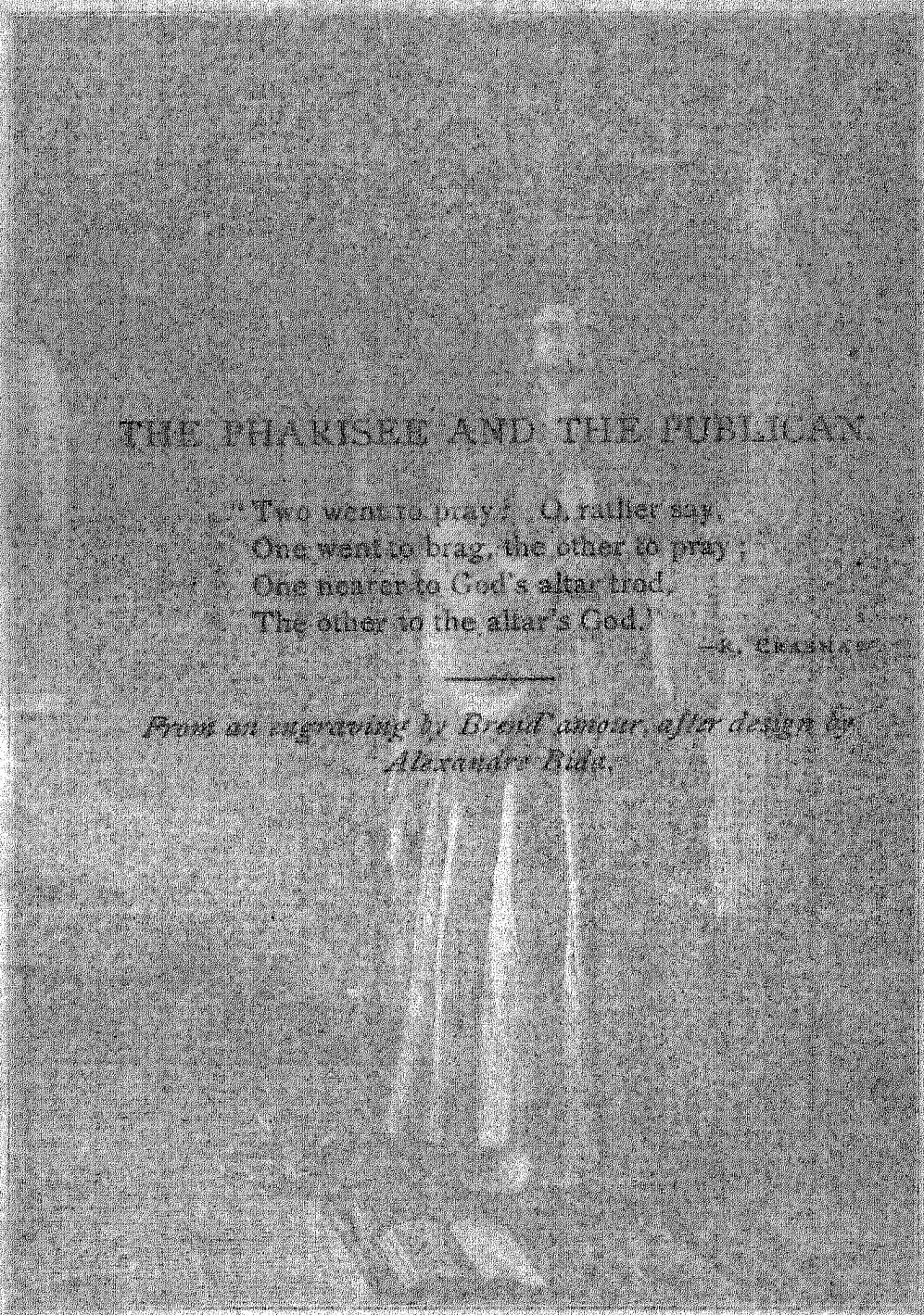
THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land,
Fall from a steady heart, though trembling hand:
The other's wanton wealth foams high, and brave;
The other cast away, she only gave.

"TWO WENT UP TO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY."

Two went to pray? O, rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray;

One stands up close and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye;



THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN

"Two went to pray? O, rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray;
One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God."

—R. CRASHAW

From an engraving by Bréval amour, after design by Alexandre Bida.

THE MOTHER LOST.

Stay not for th' other pin: why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose
about thee.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge:
If thou mislike him, thou mislik'st him not.
Repent thy perverseness fondly. Do not grudge
Correction from an earthen pot.

BRIEFS.

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land,
Forth from a steady heart, though trembling hand:
Her neighbour's wanton wealth foams high, and brave;
The other cast away, she only gave.

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One stands up close and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye;





One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

JEWISH HYMN IN BABYLON.

God of the thunder! from whose cloudy seat
The fiery winds of Desolation flow;
Father of vengeance, that with purple feet
Like a full wine-press tread'st the world below;
The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,
Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,
Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,
Till thou hast marked the guilty land for woe

God of the rainbow! at whose gracious sign
The billows of the proud their rage suppress;
Father of mercies! at one word of thine
An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness,
And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
And pillared temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O Lord!
The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian's sword,
Even her foes wept to see her fallen state;
And heaps her ivory palaces became,
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
Her temples sank amid the smouldering flame,
For thou didst ride the tempest cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,
And the sad City lift her crownless head,
And songs shall wake and dancing footsteps gleam
In streets where broods the silence of the dead.
The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers
To deck at blushing eve their bridal bowers,
And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
And Abraham's children were led forth for slaves.
With fettered steps we left our pleasant land,
Envying our fathers in their peaceful graves.
The strangers' bread with bitter tears we steep,
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,
In the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home;
He that went forth a tender prattling boy
Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come;
And Canaan's vines for us their fruit shall bear,
And Hermon's bees their honeyed stores prepare,
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
Where o'er the cherub-seated God full blazed the irradiate dome.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

EXAMPLE.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last,—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

JOHN KEBLE.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveller through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breath its early vows;

And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life besides.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 't was old, and yet 't was new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid the crowd that thronged the daily mart,

Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE RISE OF MAN.

THOU for whose birth the whole creation yearned
Through countless ages of the morning world,
Who, first in fiery vapors dimly hurled,
Next to the senseless crystal slowly turned,
Then to the plant which grew to something more,—
Humblest of creatures that draw breath of life,—
Wherefrom through infinites of patient pain
Came conscious man to reason and adore:
Shall we be shamed because such things have been,
Or bate one jot of our ancestral pride?
Nay, in thyself art thou not deified
That from such depths thou couldst such summits win?
While the long way behind is prophecy
Of those perfections which are yet to be.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

I WOULD I WERE AN EXCELLENT DIVINE.

I WOULD I were an excellent divine.
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends;
That men might hear out of this mouth of mine
How God doth make his enemies his friends;
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer
Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be,
But a religious servant of my God;
And know there is none other God but he,
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod,—
Joy in his grace, and live but in his love,
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer,
For all estates within the state of grace,
That careful love might never know despair,
Nor servile fear might faithful love deface;
And this would I both day and night devise
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life;
Persuade the troubled soul to patience;
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To child and servant due obedience;
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

Prayer for the health of all that are diseased,
 Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
 And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

THE PASTOR'S REVERIE.

THE pastor sits in his easy-chair,
 With the Bible upon his knee.
From gold to purple the clouds in the west
 Are changing momently;
The shadows lie in the valleys below,
 And hide in the curtain's fold;
And the page grows dim whereon he reads,
 "I remember the days of old."

"Not clear nor dark," as the Scripture saith,
 The pastor's memories are;
No day that is gone was shadowless,
 No night was without its star;
But mingled bitter and sweet hath been
 The portion of his cup:
"The hand that in love hath smitten," he saith,
 "In love hath bound us up."

Fleet flies his thoughts over many a field
 Of stubble and snow and bloom,
And now it trips through a festival,
 And now it halts at a tomb;

Young faces smile in his reverie,
 Of those that are young no more,
And voices are heard that only come
 With the winds from a far-off shore.

He thinks of the day when first, with fear
 And faltering lips, he stood
To speak in the sacred place the Word
 To the waiting multitude;
He walks again to the house of God
 With the voice of joy and praise,
With many whose feet long time have pressed
 Heaven's safe and blessèd ways.

He enters again the homes of toil,
 And joins in the homely chat;
He stands in the shop of the artisan;
 He sits, where the Master sat,
At the poor man's fire and the rich man's feast.
 But who to-day are the poor,
And who are the rich? Ask him who keeps
 The treasures that ever endure.

Once more the green and the grove resound
 With the merry children's din;
He hears their shout at the Christmas tide,
 When Santa Claus stalks in.
Once more he lists while the camp-fire roars
 On the distant mountain-side,
Or, proving apostleship, plies the brook
 Where the fierce young troutlings hide.

And now he beholds the wedding train
 To the altar slowly move,

And the solemn words are said that seal
The sacrament of love.
Anon at the font he meets once more
The tremulous youthful pair,
With a white-robed cherub crowing response
To the consecrating prayer.

By the couch of pain he kneels again;
Again, the thin hand lies
Cold in his palm, while the last far look
Steals into the steadfast eyes;
And now the burden of hearts that break
Lies heavy upon his own—
The widow's woe and the orphan's cry
And the desolate mother's moan.

So blithe and glad, so heavy and sad,
Are the days that are no more,
So mournfully sweet are the sounds that float
With the winds from a far-off shore.
For the pastor has learned what meaneth the word
That is given him to keep,—
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

It is not in vain that he has trod
This lonely and toilsome way.
It is not in vain that he has wrought
In the vineyard all the day;
For the soul that gives is the soul that lives,
And bearing another's load
Doth lighten your own and shorten the way,
And brighten the homeward road.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

THE TWO RABBIS.

THE Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years and ten,
Walked blameless through the evil world, and then
Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,
And miserably sinned. So, adding not
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and taught
No more among the elders, but went out
From the great congregation girt about
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,
Making his gray locks grayer. Long he prayed,
Smiting his breast; then, as the Book he laid
Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,
Behold the royal preacher's words: "A friend
Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;
And for the evil day thy brother lives."
Marvelling, he said: "It is the Lord who gives
Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the bees
Bow with their weight. I will arise and lay
My sins before him."

And he went his way
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers;
But even as one who, followed unawares,
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand

Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek fanned
By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but hear,
So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low
The wail of David's penitential woe,
Before him still the old temptation came,
And mocked him with the motion and the shame
Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred
Himself; and, crying mightily to the Lord
To free his soul and cast the demon out,
Smote with his staff the blackness round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,
The towers of Ecbatana far away
Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan, faint
And footsore, pausing where for some dead saint
The faith of Islam reared a domèd tomb,
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom
He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One
Answer thy prayers, O stranger!" Whereupon
The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,
Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray men
Wept, praising him whose gracious providence
Made their paths one. But straightway, as the sense
Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore
Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,
Foul from my sins to tell thee all my shame.
Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth mine,
May purge my soul, and make it white like thine.
Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind
Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.
"I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,
"In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou not
read,
'Better the eye should see than that desire
Should wander'? Burning with a hidden fire
That tears and prayers quench not, I come to thee
For pity and for help, as thou to me.
Pray for me, O my friend!" But Nathan cried,
"Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side
In the low sunshine by the turban stone
They knelt; each made his brother's woe his own,
Forgetting, in the agony and stress
Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;
Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;
His prayers were answered in another's name;
And, when at last they rose up to embrace,
Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,
Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos
In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were read:
"Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;
Forget it in love's service, and the debt
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise,—
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

TO THE UNCO GUID.

" My son, these maxims make a rule
And lump them aye thegither:
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin."

—SOLOMON, *Ecclesiastes* vii. 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye 've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebor's fauts and folly:—
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heapèt happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door,
For glaikit Folly's portals!
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer;
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ?

Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what 's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hidin'.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco leeway.

See Social life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrified, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
O, would they stay to calculate
The eternal consequences;
Or your mortal dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination,—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye 're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;

Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 't is He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord,—its various tone,
Each spring,—its various bias:
Then at the balance let 's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What 's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

ROBERT BURNS.

STONE THE WOMAN, LET THE MAN GO FREE.

YES, stone the woman, let the man go free!
Draw back your skirts, lest they perchance may touch
Her garment as she passes; but to him
Put forth a willing hand to clasp with his
That led her to destruction and disgrace.
Shut up from her the sacred ways of toil,
That she no more may win an honest meal;
But ope to him all honorable paths
Where he may win distinction; give to him
Fair, pressed-down measures of life's sweetest joys.
Pass her, O maiden, with a pure, proud face,

If she puts out a poor, polluted palm;
But lay thy hand in his on bridal day,
And swear to cling to him with wifely love
And tender reverence. Trust him who led
A sister woman to a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman, let the man go free!
Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two—
It is the doctrine of a hurried world,
Too out of breath for holding balances
Where nice distinctions and injustices
Are calmly weighed. But ah, how will it be
On that strange day of fire and flame,
When men shall wither with a mystic fear,
And all shall stand before the one true Judge?
Shall sex make *then* a difference in sin?
Shall He, the Searcher of the hidden heart,
In His eternal and divine decree
Condemn the woman and forgive the man?

ANONYMOUS.

IN PRISON.

God pity the wretched prisoners,
 In their lonely cells to-day!
Whatever the sins that tripped them,
 God pity them! still I say.

Only a strip of sunshine,
 Cleft by rusty bars;
Only a patch of azure,
 Only a cluster of stars;

Only a barren future,
To starve their hope upon;
Only stinging memories
Of a past that's better gone;

Only scorn from women,
Only hate from men,
Only remorse to whisper
Of a life that might have been.

Once they were little children,
And perhaps their unstained feet
Were led by a gentle mother
Toward the golden street;

Therefore, if in life's forest
They since have lost their way,
For the sake of her who loved them,
God pity them! still I say.

O mothers gone to heaven!
With earnest heart I ask
That your eyes may not look earthward
On the failure of your task.

For even in those mansions
The choking tears would rise,
Though the fairest hand in heaven
Would wipe them from your eyes!

And you, who judge so harshly,
Are you sure the stumbling-stone
That tripped the feet of others
Might not have bruised your own?

Are you sure the sad-faced angel
 Who writes our errors down
Will ascribe to you more honor
 Than him on whom you frown?

Or, if a steadier purpose
 Unto your life is given;
A stronger will to conquer,
 A smoother path to heaven;

If, when temptations meet you,
 You crush them with a smile;
If you can chain pale passion
 And keep your lips from guile;

Then bless the hand that crowned you,
 Remembering, as you go,
'T was not your own endeavor
 That shaped your nature so;

And sneer not at the weakness
 Which made a brother fall,
For the hand that lifts the fallen,
 God loves the best of all!

And pray for the wretched prisoners
 All over the land to-day,
That a holy hand in pity
 May wipe their guilt away.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE.

"Good-bye," I said to my Conscience—
Good-bye for aye and aye;"
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away:
And Conscience, smitten sorely,
Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace:
And I cried, "Come back, my Conscience,
I long to see thy face;"
But Conscience cried, "I cannot,—
Remorse sits in my place."

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

FOUND WANTING.

Belshazzar had a letter,—
He never had but one;
Belshazzar's correspondent
Concluded and begun
In that immortal copy
The conscience of us all
Can read without its glasses
On revelation's wall.

EMILY DICKINSON.

DALLYING WITH TEMPTATION.

FROM THE FIRST PART OF "WALLENSTEIN," ACT III. SC. 4.

WALLENSTEIN (*in soliloquy*). Is it possible?
Is 't so? I *can* no longer what I *would!*
No longer draw back at my liking! I
Must *do* the deed, because I *thought* of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream! Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thought of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open!
By the great God of Heaven! It was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me?
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not
The road of duty clear beside me—but
One little step and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
No road, no track behind one, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I muttered
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EASY TO DRIFT.

Easy to drift to the open sea,
The tides are eager and swift and strong,
And whistling and free are the rushing winds,—
But O, to get back is hard and long.

Easy as told in Arabian tale,
To free from his jar the evil sprite
Till he rises like smoke to stupendous size,—
But O, nevermore can we prison him tight.

Easy as told in an English tale,
To fashion a Frankenstein, body and soul,
And breathe in his bosom a breath of life,—
But O, we create what we cannot control.

Easy to drift to the sea of doubt,
Easy to hurt what we cannot heal,
Easy to rouse what we cannot soothe,
Easy to speak what we do not feel,
Easy to show what we ought to conceal,
Easy to think that fancy is fate,—
And O, the wisdom that comes too late!

OLIVER HUCKEL.

FRANKFORD'S SOLILOQUY.

FROM "A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS."

O God! O God! that it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday!
That time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours!
Or that the sun

Could, rising from the West, draw his coach backward,—
Take from the account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons called again,
These minutes and these actions done in them.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

CONSCIENCE.

FROM SATIRE XIII.

THE Spartan rogue who, boldly bent on fraud,
Dared ask the god to sanction and applaud,
And sought for counsel at the Pythian shrine,
Received for answer from the lips divine,—
"That he who doubted to restore his trust,
And reasoned much, reluctant to be just,
Should for those doubts and that reluctance prove
The deepest vengeance of the powers above."
The tale declares that not pronounced in vain
Came forth the warning from the sacred fane:
Ere long no branch of that devoted race
Could mortal man on soil of Sparta trace!
Thus but intended mischief, stayed in time,
Had all the mortal guilt of finished crime.
If such his fate who yet but darkly dares,
Whose guilty purpose yet no act declares,
What were it, done! Ah! now farewell to peace!
Ne'er on this earth his soul's alarms shall cease!
Held in the mouth that languid fever burns,
His tasteless food he indolently turns;
On Alba's oldest stock his soul shall pine!
Forth from his lips he spits the joyless wine!
Nor all the nectar of the hills shall now

Or glad the heart, or smooth the wrinkled brow!
While o'er the couch his aching limbs are cast,
If care permit the brief repose at last,
Lo! there the altar and the fane abused!
Or darkly shadowed forth in dream confused,
While the damp brow betrays the inward storm,
Before him flits thy aggravated form!
Then as new fears o'er all his senses press,
Unwilling words the guilty truth confess!
These, these be they whom secret terrors try,
When muttered thunders shake the lurid sky;
Whose deadly paleness now the gloom conceals
And now the vivid flash anew reveals.
No storm as Nature's casualty they hold,
They deem without an aim no thunders rolled;
Where'er the lightning strikes, the flash is thought
Judicial fire, with Heaven's high vengeance fraught.
Passes this by, with yet more anxious ear
And greater dread, each future storm they fear;
In burning vigil, deadliest foe to sleep,
In their distempered frame if fever keep,
Or the pained side their wonted rest prevent,
Behold some incensed god his bow has bent!
All pains, all aches, are stones and arrows hurled
At bold offenders in this nether world!
From them no crested cock acceptance meets!
Their lamb before the altar vainly bleats!
Can pardoning Heaven on guilty sickness smile?
Or is there victim than itself more vile?
Where steadfast virtue dwells not in the breast,
Man is a wavering creature at the best!

From the Latin of JUVENAL.

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

FROM "IDYLS OF THE KING: GUINEVERE."

THE Queen looked up, and said,
"O maiden, if indeed you list to sing,
Sing, and unbind my heart, that I may weep."
Whereat full willingly sang the little maid:

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now.

"No light had we: for that we do repent;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now.

"No light; so late! and dark and chill the night!
O, let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now.

"Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
O, let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! Ye cannot enter now."

So sang the novice, while full passionately,
Her head upon her hands, wept the sad Queen.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

UP HILL.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord,—till perfect Day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

MILTON.

THE MARTYRS' HYMN.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes, watched,
Shall gathered be at last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death;
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one availing name.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.

Translation of W. J. FOX.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
 My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge;
And thus I 'll take my pilgrimage!

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven,
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains:
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
 I 'll take them first
 To quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
 At those clear wells
 Where sweetness dwells
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blest paths we 'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel,—
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser, bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney;
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees;
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms,—
Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head:
Then am I, like a palmer, fit
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE FAITHFUL ANGEL.

FROM "PARADISE LOST," BOOK V.

The seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he passed,

Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained
Superior, nor of violence fearèd aught;
And with retorted scorn his back he turned
On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed.

MILTON.

LOW SPIRITS.

FEVER and fret and aimless stir
And disappointed strife,
All chafing, unsuccessful things,
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,
And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke:
The streets resound with noise;
And the soul sinks to see its peers
Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me; smiles are near;
Kind welcomes to be had;
And yet my spirit is alone,
Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain
Be quit of my long part;
The burden of unquiet life
Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God! now do thy work
As thou hast done before;
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh, there is music in that thought,
Unto a heart unstrung,
Like sweet bells at the evening time,
Most musically rung.

'T is not his justice or his power,
Beauty or blest abode,
But the mere unexpanded thought
Of the eternal God.

It is not of his wondrous works,
Not even that he is;
Words fail it, but it is a thought
Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought, lie closer to my heart!
That I may feel thee near,
As one who for his weapon feels
In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st,
When sadness makes us lowly,
As though thou wert the echo sweet
Of humble melancholy.

I bless thee, Lord, for this kind check
To spirits over free!
More helpless need of thee!
And for all things that make me feel

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

I SAW THEE.

"When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee."

I saw thee when, as twilight fell,
And evening lit her fairest star,
Thy footsteps sought yon quiet dell,
The world's confusion left afar.

I saw thee when thou stood'st alone,
Where drooping branches thick o'erhung,
Thy still retreat to all unknown,
Hid in deep shadows darkly flung.

I saw thee when, as died each sound
Of bleating flock or woodland bird,
Kneeling, as if on holy ground,
Thy voice the listening silence heard.

I saw thy calm, uplifted eyes,
And marked the heaving of thy breast,
When rose to heaven thy heartfelt sighs
For purer life, for perfect rest.

I saw the light that o'er thy face
Stole with a soft, suffusing glow,
As if, within, celestial grace
Breathed the same bliss that angels know.

I saw—what thou didst not—above
Thy lowly head an open heaven;
And tokens of thy Father's love
With smiles to thy rapt spirit given.

I saw thee from that sacred spot
With firm and peaceful soul depart;
I, Jesus, saw thee,—doubt it not,—
And read the secrets of thy heart!

RAY PALMER.

LOSSE IN DELAYES.

SHUN delayes, they breed remorse,
Take thy time while time doth serve thee,
Creeping snayles have weakest force,
Flie their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labours come to nought.

Hoyse up sayle while gale doth last,
Tide and winde stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speede is wisdome's leasure.
After-wits are dearely bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turnes no more,
And behind his scalpe is naked.
Workes adjourned have many stayes,
Long demurres breed new delayes.

Seeke thy salve while sore is greene,
Festered wounds aske deeper launcing;
After-cures are seldome seene,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing.
Time and place gives best advice.
Out of season, out of price.

Crush the serpent in the head,
Breake ill eggs ere they be hatchèd:
Kill bad chickens in the tread;
Fledged, they hardly can be catchèd:
In the rising stifle ill,
Lest it grow against thy will.

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,
Not by force, but often falling;
Custome kills with feeble dint,
More by use than strength prevailing:
Single sands have little weight,
Many make a drowning freight.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
Agèd trees do breake with bending;
Young desires make little prease,
Growth doth make them past amending.
Happie man that soon doth knocke,
Babel's babes against the rocke.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

DEAR, secret greenness! nurst below
Tempests and winds and winter nights!
Vex not, that but One sees thee grow;
That One made all these lesser lights.

What needs a conscience calm and bright
Within itself, an outward test?
Who breaks his glass, to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
Till the white-winged reapers come!

HENRY VAUGHAN.

PATIENCE.

SHE hath no beauty in her face
Unless the chastened sweetness there,
And meek long-suffering, yield a grace
To make her mournful features fair:—

Shunned by the gay, the proud, the young,
She roams through dim, unsheltered ways;
Nor lover's vow, nor flatterer's tongue
Brings music to her sombre days:—

At best her skies are clouded o'er,
And oft she fronts the stinging sleet,
Or feels on some tempestuous shore
The storm-waves lash her naked feet.

Where'er she strays, or musing stands
By lonesome beach, by turbulent mart,
We see her pale, half-tremulous hands
Crossed humbly o'er her aching heart!

Within, a secret pain she bears,—
A pain too deep to feel the balm
An April spirit finds in tears;
Alas! all cureless griefs are calm!

Yet in her passionate strength supreme,
Despair beyond her pathway flies,
Awed by the softly steadfast beam
Of sad, but heaven-enamored eyes!

Who pause to greet her, vaguely seem
Touched by fine wafts of holier air;
As those who in some mystic dream
Talk with the angels unaware!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,

Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seems reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest bloom his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyces of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

MAY RILEY SMITH.

FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE!

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they 're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine;
Enough that thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath:
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

VI.

DEATH: IMMORTALITY: HEAVEN.

THE PROSPECT.

METHINKS we do as fretful children do,
 Leaning their faces on the window-pane
 To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view;
And, thus, alas! since God the maker drew
 A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,—
 The life beyond us and our souls in pain,—
We miss the prospect which we are called unto
By grief we are fools to use. Be still and strong,
O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,
 And keep thy soul's large windows pure from wrong;
That so, as life's appointment issueth,
 Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

NOT in the sky,
Where it was seen,
Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,
Nor in the mansions of the hidden deep,—

Though green,
And beautiful, its caves of mystery;—
Shall the bright watcher have
A place, and as of old high station keep.

Gone, gone!
Oh, never more to cheer
The mariner who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers, and do sleep,
Shall it appear,
With the sweet fixedness of certain light,
Down-shining on the shut eyes of the deep.

Vain, vain!
Hopeless most idly then, shall he look forth,
That mariner from his bark.
Howe'er the north
Does raise his certain lamp, when tempests lower—
He sees no more that perished light again!
And gloomier grows the hour
Which may not, through the thick and crowding dark,
Restore that lost and loved one to her tower.

He looks,—the shepherd of Chaldea's hills
Tending his flocks,—
And wonders the rich beacon does not blaze,
Gladdening his gaze;—
And from his dreary watch along the rocks,
Guiding him safely home through perilous ways!
Still wondering as the drowsy silence fills

The sorrowful scene, and every hour distils
Its leaden dews.—How chafes he at the night,
Still slow to bring the expected and sweet light,
So natural to his sight!

And lone,
Where its first splendors shone,
Shall be that pleasant company of stars:
How should they know that death
Such perfect beauty mars?
And like the earth, its crimson bloom and breath;
Fallen from on high,
Their lights grow blasted by its touch, and die!—
All their concerted springs of harmony
Snapped rudely, and the generous music gone.

A strain—a mellow strain—
A wailing sweetness filled the sky;
The stars, lamenting in unborrowed pain,
That one of their selectest ones must die!
Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest!
Alas! 't is evermore our destiny,
The hope, heart-cherished, is the soonest lost;
The flower first budden, soonest feels the frost:
Are not the shortest-lived still loveliest?
And, like the pale star shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest when they fly
The desolate home they blessed?

WILLIAM GILMORE

PASSING AWAY.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
That he winds, on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?
Hark! the notes on my ear that play
Are set to words; as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing);
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
 Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow;
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
 Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed: in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fulness of grace and of womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
 Of thought or care stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
 Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
 That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed,—as when evening steals
 Upon noon's hot face. Yet one couldn't but love her,
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed, in the same silver tone, to say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
 Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;

Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust:
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept
And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone
(Let me never forget till my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay),
"Passing away! passing away!"

JOHN PIERPONT.

LINES

FOUND IN HIS BIBLE IN THE GATE-HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER.

E'EN such is time; that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

"But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEBREWS xi. 16.

I 'M far frae my hame, an' I 'm weary aften-whiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles;
I 'll never be fu' content, until mine een do see
The shining gates o' heaven an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh, an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I 've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day, the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring:
Wi' een an' wi' hearts runnin' owre, we shall see
The King in his beauty in our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they 'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;

His bluid has made me white, his hand shall dry
mine e'e,
When he brings me hame at last, to my ain coun-
tree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its
nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Saviour's
breast;
For he gathers in his bosom, witless, worthless
lambs like me,
And carries them himsel' to his ain countree.

He 's faithfu' that hath promised, he 'll surely
come again,
He 'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna
ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

So I 'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my hame as
I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the shin-
ing gate;
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to
me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain
countree.

MARY LEE DEMAREST.

COMING.

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."—MARK xiii. 35.

"IT may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of *my* feet.
Therefore I tell you: Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

"It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;

When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed:
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The rivers chill,
And my morning-star is fading, fading
Over the hill:
Behold I say unto you: Watch;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

"It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,

And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done.
But remember that *I* may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
Forevermore:
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come."

So He passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,
Till he came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up his hands in blessing—
Then I saw his face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall.
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,

And wondering, and wondering
When he would come back for me;
Till I was aware of an angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God Most High.

He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden gate;
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate)
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face.
"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of his feet
Who is the glory of our blessèd heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come."

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
"Surely it is the shining of his face!"
And look unto the gates of his high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know he is coming shortly
To summon me.

And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask
If he is come;
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home:
"Only a few more shadows,
And he will come."

BARBARA MILLER MACANDREW.

EUTHANASIA.

METHINKS, when on the languid eye
Life's autumn scenes grow dim;
When evening's shadows veil the sky,
And pleasure's siren hymn
Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
Like echoes from another sphere,
Or dreams of seraphim—
It were not sad to cast away
This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

It were not sad to feel the heart
Grow passionless and cold;
To feel those longings to depart
That cheered the good of old;
To clasp the faith which looks on high,
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
And makes the curtain-fold
That falls upon his wasting breast,
The door that leads to endless rest.

It seems not lonely thus to lie
On that triumphant bed,
Till the pure spirit mounts on high
By white-winged seraphs led:
Where glories, earth may never know,
O'er "many mansions" lingering glow,
In peerless lustre shed.
It were not lonely thus to soar
Where sin and grief can sting no more.

And though the way to such a goal
Lies through the clouded tomb,
If on the free, unfettered soul
There rest no stains of gloom,
How should its aspirations rise
Far through the blue unpillared skies,
Up to its final home,
Beyond the journeyings of the sun,
Where streams of living waters run!

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands,
 In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
 To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sear leaves from the wood,
 As if a storm passed by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun!
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'T is Mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
 His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
 The vassals of his will?
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrownèd king of day;
 For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
 Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
 Life's tragedy again:
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
 Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
 Behold not me expire.
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death,—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
 Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
 And took the sting from death!

Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste,—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WHEN.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
 That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
 For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
 What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
 But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
 Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
 For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
 Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within thy keeping
 How should I fear?

And when to-morrow brings thee nearer still,
Do thou thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flushed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
"It is his day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do?

What *could* I do, O blessèd Guide and Master,
Other than this;
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by thee?

Step after step, feeling thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide thee,
Or heavens serene,
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know; my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell;
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition
Or a short day's;
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait
If thou come late.

SARAH WOOLSEY (*Susan Coolidge*).

BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—DEUTERONOMY xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:

Noiselessly as daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Unfold their thousand leaves:
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car:
They show the banners taken;
They tell his battles won;
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,

And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marbles drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his glorious pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hillside for a pall!
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall!
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave!—

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment-day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still:
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

Oh, teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own my power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain,
 Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
 For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
 I 'll thank the inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
 Which God, my east, my sun, reveals.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"ONLY WAITING."

[A very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."]

Only waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
 From the heart, once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
 Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
 Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer time is faded,
 And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
 The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
 And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
 Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
 Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
 And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
 Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathered darkness,
 Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
 Tread its pathway to the skies.

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

HOPEFULLY WAITING.

"Blessed are they who are homesick, for they shall come at last to their Father's house."—HEINRICH STILLING.

NOT as you meant, O learnèd man, and good!
Do I accept thy words of truth and rest;
God, knowing all, knows what for me is best,
And gives me what I need, not what he could,
Nor always as I would!
I shall go to the Father's house, and see
Him and the Elder Brother face to face,—
What day or hour I know not. Let me be
Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,
Not as a homesick child who all day long
Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in song.

If for a time some loved one goes away,
And leaves us our appointed work to do,
Can we to him or to ourselves be true
In mourning his departure day by day,
And so our work delay?
Nay, if we love and honor, we shall make
The absence brief by doing well our task,—
Not for ourselves, but for the dear One's sake.
And at his coming only of him ask
Approval of the work, which most was done,
Not for ourselves, but our Belovèd One.

Our Father's house, I know, is broad and grand;
In it how many, many mansions are!
And, far beyond the light of sun or star,
Four little ones of mine through that fair land
Are walking hand in hand!

Think you I love not, or that I forget
These of my loins? Still this world is fair,
And I am singing while my eyes are wet
With weeping in this balmy summer air:
Yet I 'm not homesick, and the children *here*
Have need of me, and so my way is clear.

I would be joyful as my days go by,
Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore
Life's heaviest cross is mine forevermore,
And I who wait his coming, shall not I
On his sure word rely?
And if sometimes the way be rough and steep,
Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,
Or at my waking I would only weep,
Let me remember these are things to be,
To work his blessèd will until he comes
To take my hand, and lead me safely home.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH.

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come, tell the sweet amount
That 's lost by sighing!
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh, and count no more;
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;

But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream: do thou the same;
We love,—forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame,—
The gentle never.
Stay, then, till sorrow dies;
Then—hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.
(*Barry Cornwall.*)

IT KINDLES ALL MY SOUL.

"Urit me Patriæ decor."

It kindles all my soul,
My country's loveliness! Those starry choirs
That watch around the pole,
And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires
Through golden halls that roll.
O chorus of the night! O planets, sworn
The music of the spheres
To follow! Lovely watchers, that think scorn
To rest till day appears!
Me, for celestial homes of glory born,
Why here, O, why so long,
Do ye behold an exile from on high?
Here, O ye shining throng,
With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie:
Here let me drop my chain,

And dust to dust returning, cast away
The trammels that remain;
The rest of me shall spring to endless day!

From the Latin of CASIMIR OF POLAND.

EPILOGUE.

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward, breast and back as either
should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare
ever
There as here!"

ROBERT BROWNING.

CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove and
stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,—
The glory and the freshness of the dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore:
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no
more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the
earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity;
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

IV.

Ye blessèd creatures! I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,—
The fulness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling,

On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm;—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!—
But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,—
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended:
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,—
A six years' darling of a pygmy size!
See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learnèd art,—
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;—
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part,—
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"

With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity!
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage! thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind!—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live;
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest,—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,—

Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,—
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SOLILOQUY: ON IMMORTALITY.

FROM "CATO," ACT V. SC. 1.

SCENE.—CATO, *sitting in a thoughtful posture, with Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand, and a drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'T is the divinity that stirs within us;
'T is Heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes, must we pass!

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there 's a Power above us
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I 'm weary of conjectures,—this must end 'em.

(*Laying his hand on his sword.*)

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds!

JOSEPH ADDISON.

EDWIN AND PAULINUS:

THE CONVERSION OF NORTHUMBRIA.

THE black-haired gaunt Paulinus
By ruddy Edwin stood:—
"Bow down, O king of Deira,
Before the blessèd Rood!

Cast out thy heathen idols,
And worship Christ our Lord."
—But Edwin looked and pondered,
And answered not a word.

Again the gaunt Paulinus
To ruddy Edwin spake:
"God offers life immortal
For his dear Son's own sake!
Wilt thou not hear his message,
Who bears the keys and sword?"
—But Edwin looked and pondered,
And answered not a word.

Rose then a sage old warrior
Was fivescore winters old;
Whose beard from chin to girdle
Like one long snow-wreath rolled:—
"At Yule-time in our chamber
We sit in warmth and light,
While cold and howling round us
Lies the black land of Night.

"Athwart the room a sparrow
Darts from the open door:
Within the happy hearth-light
One red flash,—and no more!
We see it come from darkness,
And into darkness go:—
So is our life, King Edwin!
Alas, that it is so!

"But if this pale Paulinus
Have somewhat more to tell;

Some news of Whence and Whither,
And where the soul will dwell;—
If on that outer darkness
The sun of hope may shine;—
He makes life worth the living!
I take his God for mine!"

So spake the wise old warrior;
And all about him cried,
"Paulinus' God hath conquered!
And he shall be our guide:—
For he makes life worth living
Who brings this message plain,
When our brief days are over,
That we shall live again."

ANONYMOUS.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low;
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear
One radiant vista of the realm before us,—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only,—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

"Das stille Land."

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah, who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS.
Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet, and calm—
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'T is easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Rapt in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

HEAVEN.

I NEVER saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spake with God,
 Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
 As if the chart were given.

EMILY DICKINSON.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

High thoughts!
 They come and go,
 Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden,
 While round me flow
 The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden:
When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come—
When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum—
When the stars, dew-drops of the summer sky,
Watch over all with soft and loving eye—
 While the leaves quiver
 By the lone river,
 And the quiet heart
 From depths doth call
 And garners all—
 Earth grows a shadow
 Forgotten whole,
 And heaven lives
 In the blessèd soul!

High thoughts
 They are with me
 When, deep within the bosom of the forest,
 Thy mourning melody

Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle! pourest.
When the young sunbeams glance among the trees—
When on the ear comes the soft song of bees—
When every branch has its own favorite bird
And songs of summer from each thicket heard!—
Where the owl flitteth,
Where the roe sitteth,
And holiness
Seems sleeping there;
While nature's prayer
Goes up to heaven
In purity,
Till all is glory
And joy to me!

High thoughts!
They are my own
When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
And see below me strown
The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom;
When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow,
When I can follow every fitful shadow—
When I can watch the winds among the corn,
And see the waves along the forest borne;
Where blue-bell and heather
Are blooming together,
And far doth come
The Sabbath bell,
O'er wood and fell;

I hear the beating
Of nature's heart:
Heaven is before me—
God! thou art.

High thoughts!
They visit us
In moments when the soul is dim and darkened;
They come to bless,
After the vanities to which we hearkened:
When weariness hath come upon the spirit—
(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit)—
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine,
A wingèd thought which bids us not repine?
In joy and gladness,
In mirth and sadness,
Come signs and tokens;
Life's angel brings,
Upon its wings,
Those bright communings
The soul doth keep—
Those thoughts of heaven
So pure and deep!

ROBERT NICOLL.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm:
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

PHŒBE CARY.

MEETING ABOVE.

If yon bright stars which gem the night
 Be each a blissful dwelling-sphere
Where kindred spirits reunite
 Whom death hath torn asunder here,—
How sweet it were at once to die,
 To leave this blighted orb afar!
Mixt soul and soul to cleave the sky,
 And soar away from star to star.

But oh, how dark, how drear, how lone,
 Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
 We failed to meet the loved of this!
If there no more the ties shall twine
 Which death's cold hand alone could sever,
Ah, would those stars in mockery shine,
 More joyless, as they shine forever!

It cannot be,—each hope, each fear
 That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
 Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There, Lord, thy wayworn saints shall find
 The bliss for which they longed before;
And holiest sympathies shall bind
 Thine own to thee forevermore.

O Jesus, bring us to that rest,
 Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In thine eternal fulness blest,
 While ages roll their cycles round.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD.

My days among the dead are passed;
 Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
 I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
 My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
 Through all futurity:
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
 The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
 And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
 If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
 In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
 That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given;
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
 And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
 In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
 Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
 And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
 Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
 Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will

In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same belovèd name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HEAVEN.

THAT clime is not like this dull clime of ours;
All, all is brightness there;
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,
And a benigner air.
No calm below is like that calm above,
No region here is like that realm of love;
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
Tinged with earth's change and care;
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers;
No broken sunshine there:
One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendor o'er those sinless shores;
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,
And Jesus reigns, dispensing endless day.

The dwellers there are not like those of earth,—
No mortal stain they bear,—
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth;
Whence and how came they there?
Earth was their native soil; from sin and shame,
Through tribulation, they to glory came;
Bond-slaves delivered from sin's crushing load,
Brands plucked from burning by the hand of God.

Yon robes of theirs are not like those below;
No angel's half so bright;
Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow,
And whence that radiant white?
Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light these robes of theirs became;
And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky!

ANONYMOUS.

THE TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we shall not see again;
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air—
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;
The mother kissed her child, whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead:
We see them—visions strange—amid the Nevermore.

The merrysome maiden used to sing—
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay-cold: to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long faded land—the realm of Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly may we remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor.

For brighter bells and bluer,
For tenderer hearts and truer
People that happy land—the realm of
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
We pilgrims of eternal sorrow stand:
What realm lies forward, with its happier
store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'T is the land of
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—
Its woods, unruffled by the wild wind's roar;
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment—and we breathe within the
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet
carollings soar.
Eternal peace have they;
God wipes their tears away:
They drink that river of life which flows from
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But, lo, the wide wings of the Seraphim

Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago:
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for
Evermore.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

THE ANSWER.

"WHO would not go"
With buoyant steps, to gain that blessed portal,
Which opens to the land we long to know?
Where shall be satisfied the soul's immortal,
Where we shall drop the wearying and the woe
In resting so?

"Ah, who would fear?"
Since, sometimes through the distant pearly portal,
Unclosing to some happy soul a-near,
We catch a gleam of glorious light immortal,
And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,
Breathing good cheer!

"Who would endure"
To walk in doubt and darkness with misgiving,
When he whose tender promises are sure—
The Crucified, the Lord, the Ever-living—
Keeps us those "mansions" evermore secure
By waters pure?

Oh, wondrous land!
Fairer than all our spirit's fairest dreaming:

"Eye hath not seen," no heart can understand
The things prepared, the cloudless radiance streaming.
How longingly we wait our Lord's command—
His opening hand!

O dear ones there!
Whose voices, hushed, have left our pathway lonely,
We come, erelong, your blessèd home to share;
We take the guiding hand, we trust it only—
Seeing, by faith, beyond this clouded air,
That land so fair!

ANONYMOUS.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

Forever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace!

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

In darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake, as in his sight
Who looks all nature through.

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as he hath seen,
And shall forever see.

"Forever with the Lord;"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Unto thy child fulfil!

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TO HEAVEN APPROACHED A SUFI SAINT.

To heaven approached a Sufi Saint,
From groping in the darkness late,
And, tapping timidly and faint,
Besought admission at God's gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?"
"'T is I, dear Friend," the Saint replied,
And trembling much with hope and fear.
"If it be *thou,* without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor Saint turned,
To bear the scourging of life's rods;
But aye his heart within him yearned
To mix and lose its love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,
Until from faith's pure fires and tears
Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door?"
"It is thyself, belovèd Lord,"
Answered the Saint, in doubt no more,
But clasped and rapt in his reward.

From the Persian of JALLAL-AD-DIN RUMI.
Translation of WILLIAM R. ALGER.

MATTER AND MAN IMMORTAL.

FROM "NIGHT THOUGHTS," NIGHT VI.

As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man advances; both
Eternal, that a circle, this a line.
That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul,
Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, ascends,
Zeal and humility her wings, to Heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High.
What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be?
Matter immortal? And shall spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds?

.

Look Nature through, 't is neat gradation all.
By what minute degrees her scale ascends!

Each middle nature joined at each extreme,
To that above is joined, to that beneath;
Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,
Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, joined there; here life and sense;
There, sense from reason steals a glimmering ray;
Reason shines out in man. But how preserved
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part,
And part ethereal; grant the soul of man
Eternal; or in man the series ends.
Wide yawns the gap; connection is no more;
Checked Reason halts; her next step wants support;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

LIFE.

FROM "FESTUS," SCENE "A COUNTRY TOWN."

FESTUS.— Oh! there is
A life to come, or all 's a dream.
LUCIFER.— And all
May be a dream. Thou seest in thine, men, deeds,
Clear, moving, full of speech and order; then
Why may not all this world be but a dream
Of God's? Fear not! Some morning God may waken.

FESTUS.—I would it were. This life 's a mystery.
The value of a thought cannot be told;
But it is clearly worth a thousand lives
Like many men's. And yet men love to live
As if mere life were worth their living for.
What but perdition will it be to most?
Life 's more than breath and the quick round of blood;
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.
Life 's but a means unto an end—that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

HEAVEN.

O BEAUTEOUS God! uncircumscribèd treasure
Of an eternal pleasure!
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,

Where thou preparest a glorious place,
Within the brightness of thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit
That builds his hopes upon thy merit,
And loves thee with a holy charity.
What ravished heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes
Clear as the morning rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity,
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone?
There the eye
O' the chrysolite,
And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,—
And above all thy holy face,—
Makes an eternal charity.
When thou thy jewels up dost bind, that day
Remember us, we pray,—
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There thou mayest appoint us place
Within the brightness of thy face,—
And our soul
In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enroll,
That we may praise thee to eternity. Allelujah!

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

FATHER! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.
In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound;
And to our eyes the vision is denied.
We wander in the country far remote,
Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell;
Or on the records of past greatness dote,
And for a buried soul the living sell;
While on our path bewildered falls the night
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

JONES VERY.

HEAVEN.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
Where love becomes immortal;

A land whose life is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye eternal.

We may know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;

We may not hear the songs that echo there,
 Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
 With our dim earthly vision,
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
 That opes the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
 A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
 Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
 Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
 And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
 Father, all-wise, eternal!
O, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of mine
 Into those pastures vernal!

NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY PRIEST.

TELL ME, YE WINGÈD WINDS.

Tell me, ye wingèd winds,
 That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
 Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
 Some valley in the west,

Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer,—
"No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded,—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
O, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,

Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,—
"Yes, in heaven!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

HEAVEN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry,
All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace—
The rose that cannot wither—
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But one who never changes—
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

STAR-MIST.

FROM "STARS."

More and more stars! behold yon hazy arch
Spanning the vault on high,
By planets traversed in majestic march,
Seeming to earth's dull eye
A breath of gleaming air: but take thou wing
Of Faith and upward spring:—
Into a thousand stars the misty light
Will part; each star a world with its own day and night.

Not otherwise of yonder Saintly host
Upon the glorious shore
Deem thou. He marks them all, not one is lost;
By name He counts them o'er.
Full many a soul, to man's dim praise unknown,
May on its glory throne
As brightly shine, and prove as strong in prayer
As theirs, whose separate beams shoot keenest thro' this air.

JOHN KEBLE.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

FROM "THE FAËRIE QUEENE," BOOK II. CANTO 8.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case

Of men than beasts: but O the exceeding grace
Of Highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessèd angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward;
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

EDMUND SPENSER.

SAINT AGNES.

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapor goes:
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snow-drop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
 To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
 Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
 The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
The sabbath of Eternity,
 One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
 The Bridegroom with his bride!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

PRAISE OF THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

[The poem *De Contemptu Mundi* was written by Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluni. The translation following is of a portion of the poem distinguished by the sub-title "Laus Patriæ Cœlestis."]

THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate,—
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom!

Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,—
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father,
Whose own it was before,

Then glory yet unheard of
 Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
 An endless Sabbath-day.

For thee, O dear, dear Country!
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only Mansion!
 O Paradise of Joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy!
Beside thy living waters
 All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
 The hyssop of the wall;
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

The Cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise;

His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise:
"Jesus, the gem of Beauty,
 True God and Man," they sing,
"The never-failing Garden,
 The ever-golden Ring;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
 The Guardian of his Court;
The Day-star of Salvation,
 The Porter and the Port!"

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower!

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
 O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
 The Prince's loveliest smile;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
 Of living pearl thine own;
The Lamb is ever near thee,
 The Bridegroom thine alone.
The Crown is he to guerdon,
 The Buckler to protect,
And he himself the Mansion,
 And he the Architect.

The only art thou needest—
 Thanksgiving for thy lot;
The only joy thou seekest—
 The Life where Death is not.
And all thine endless leisure,
 In sweetest accents, sings
The ill that was thy merit,
 The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
 What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare!

And when I fain would sing them,
 My spirit fails and faints;
And vainly would it image
 The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
 Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blessèd
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David,
 And there, from care released,

The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white!

O holy, placid harp-notes
 Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet reflection,
 And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, forever ardent,
 Yet evermore content!
O true peculiar vision
 Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
 For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
 That divers merits claim;
For midst the constellations
 That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter—
 And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
 The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect!
Even now by faith I see thee,
 Even here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and yearn.

Jerusalem the only,
 That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
 In me is all my woe;
And though my body may not,
 My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
 To earth and flesh again.

O none can tell thy bulwarks,
 How gloriously they rise!
O none can tell thy capitals
 Of beautiful device!
Thy loveliness oppresses
 All human thought and heart;
And none, O peace, O Zion,
 Can sing thee as thou art!

New mansion of new people,
 Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
 Identify, unite!
Thou City of the Angels!
 Thou City of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music
 Is the glorious decachord!

And there the band of Prophets
 United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
 Of Israel's ransomed tribes.
The lily-beds of virgins,
 The roses' martyr-glow,

The cohort of the Fathers
 Who kept the faith below.

And there the Sole-Begotten
 Is Lord in regal state,—
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
 He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
 O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
 O realm and home of Life!

Jerusalem, exulting
 On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
 And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit,
 I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
 A child of wrath am I;
But yet with faith I venture
 And hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
 I labor night and day.

The best and dearest Father,
 Who made me and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
 And from defilement laved,
When in his strength I struggle,
 For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
 I weep, or try to weep:

Then grace, sweet grace celestial,
 Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
 Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Zion!
 O lovelier far than gold,
With laurel-girt battalions,
 And safe victorious fold!
O sweet and blessèd Country,
 Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd Country,
 Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
 To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
 O tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult! O dust and ashes!
 The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
 The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art!

From the Latin of BERNARD DE MORLAIX.
Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE NEW JERUSALEM;

OR, THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

"Since Christ's fair truth needs no man's art,
Take this rude song in better part."

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found—
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt, nor any sore;
There is no death nor ugly night,
But life for evermore.
No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
No cloud nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun—
For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
But pleasures every way.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee!
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

No pains, no pangs, no grieving griefs,
 No woful night is there;
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—
 No well-away, no fear.
Jerusalem the city is
 Of God our king alone;
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
 Sits there upon His throne.

O God! that I Jerusalem
 With speed may go behold!
For why? the pleasures there abound
 Which here cannot be told.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
 With carbuncles do shine—
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
 Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
 Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—
 There angels do appear.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
 Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are made of orient pearl—
 O God! if I were there!

Within thy gates no thing can come
 That is not passing clean;
No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust,
 No filth may there be seen.
Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
 And end my griefs and plaints—
Take me to Thy Jerusalem,
 And place me with Thy saints!

Who there are crowned with glory great,
And see God face to face,
They triumph still, and aye rejoice—
Most happy is their case.
But we that are in banishment,
Continually do moan;
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep—
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixèd is with gall,
Our pleasures are but pain,
Our joys not worth the looking on—
Our sorrows aye remain.
But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
Seems but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see—
The King sitting upon His throne,
And thy felicity?
Thy vineyards, and thy orchards,
So wonderfully rare,
Are furnished with all kinds of fruit,
Most beautifully fair.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
There cinnamon and sugar grow,
There nard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring—
 There music 's ever sweet;
There many a fair and dainty thing
 Are trod down under feet.
Quite through the streets, with pleasant sound,
 The flood of life doth flow;
Upon the banks, on every side,
 The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit—
 For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the world
 To thee their honors bring.
Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
 Full sore I long to see;
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
 That I might dwell in thee!

There David stands, with harp in hand,
 As master of the choir;
A thousand times that man were blest
 That might his music hear.
There Mary sings "Magnificat,"
 With tunes surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
 Singing around her feet.

"Te Deum," doth Saint Ambrose sing,
 Saint Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zacharie
 Have not their songs to seek.
There Magdalene hath left her moan,
 And cheerfully doth sing,
With all blest saints whose harmony
 Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
And take me home to Thee;
Oh! paint Thy name on my forehead,
And take me hence away,
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
And sing Thy praises aye.

Jerusalem, the happy home—
Jehovah's throne on high!
O sacred city, queen, and wife
Of Christ eternally!
O comely queen with glory clad,
With honor and degree,
All fair thou art, exceeding bright—
No spot there is in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all;
For thou art fair and beautiful—
None ill can thee befall.
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
No darkness dare appear—
No night, no shade, no winter foul—
No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
No glittering star to light;
For Christ, the king of righteousness,
For ever shineth bright.
A lamb unspotted, white and pure,
To thee doth stand in lieu
Of light—so great the glory is
Thine heavenly king to view.

He is the King of kings beset
 In midst His servants' sight:
And they, His happy household all,
 Do serve Him day and night.
There, there the choir of angels sing—
 There the supernal sort
Of citizens, which hence are rid
 From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,
 The apostles six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
 And confessors betwixt.
There doth the crew of righteous men
 And matrons all consist—
Young men and maids that here on earth
 Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs, that hardly 'scaped
 The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
 Whereof no tongue can tell;
And though the glory of each one
 Doth differ in degree,
Yet is the joy of all alike
 And common, as we see.

There love and charity do reign,
 And Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold
 In joy celestial.
They love, they praise—they praise, they love;
 They "Holy, holy," cry;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
 But laud continually.

Oh! happy thousand times were I,
If, after wretched days,
I might with listening ears conceive
Those heavenly songs of praise,
Which to the eternal king are sung
By happy wights above—
By savèd souls and angels sweet,
Who love the God of love.

Oh! passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and king,
His praises there to sound;
And to enjoy my Christ above,
His favor and His grace,
According to His promise made,
Which here I interlace:

"O Father dear," quoth He, "let them
Which Thou hast put of old
To me, be there where lo! I am—
Thy glory to behold;
Which I with Thee, before the world
Was made in perfect wise,
Have had—from whence the fountain great
Of glory doth arise."

Again: "If any man will serve
Thee, let him follow me;
For where I am, he there, right sure,
Then shall my servant be."
And still: "If any man loves me,
Him loves my Father dear,
Whom I do love—to him myself
In glory will appear."

Lord, take away my misery,
That then I may be bold
With Thee, in Thy Jerusalem,
Thy glory to behold;
And so in Zion see my king,
My love, my Lord, my all—
Where now as in a glass I see,
There face to face I shall.

Oh! blessèd are the pure in heart—
Their sovereign they shall see;
O ye most happy, heavenly wights,
Which of God's household be!
O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,
These gins and fetters strong;
For I have dwelt within the tents
Of Kedar over long.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out!
Fetch me Thy fold unto,
That all Thy angels may rejoice,
While all Thy will I do.
O mother dear! Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord,
To quit me from all strife,
That to Thy hill I may attain,
And dwell there all my life—
With cherubim and seraphim
And holy souls of men,
To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts!
Forever and amen!

ANONYMOUS.

PARADISE.

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
Wherefore doth death delay?—
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
'T is weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I feel 't will not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

FROM "THE DIVINE COMEDY."

HELL.

INSCRIPTION OVER THE GATE.

CANTO III.

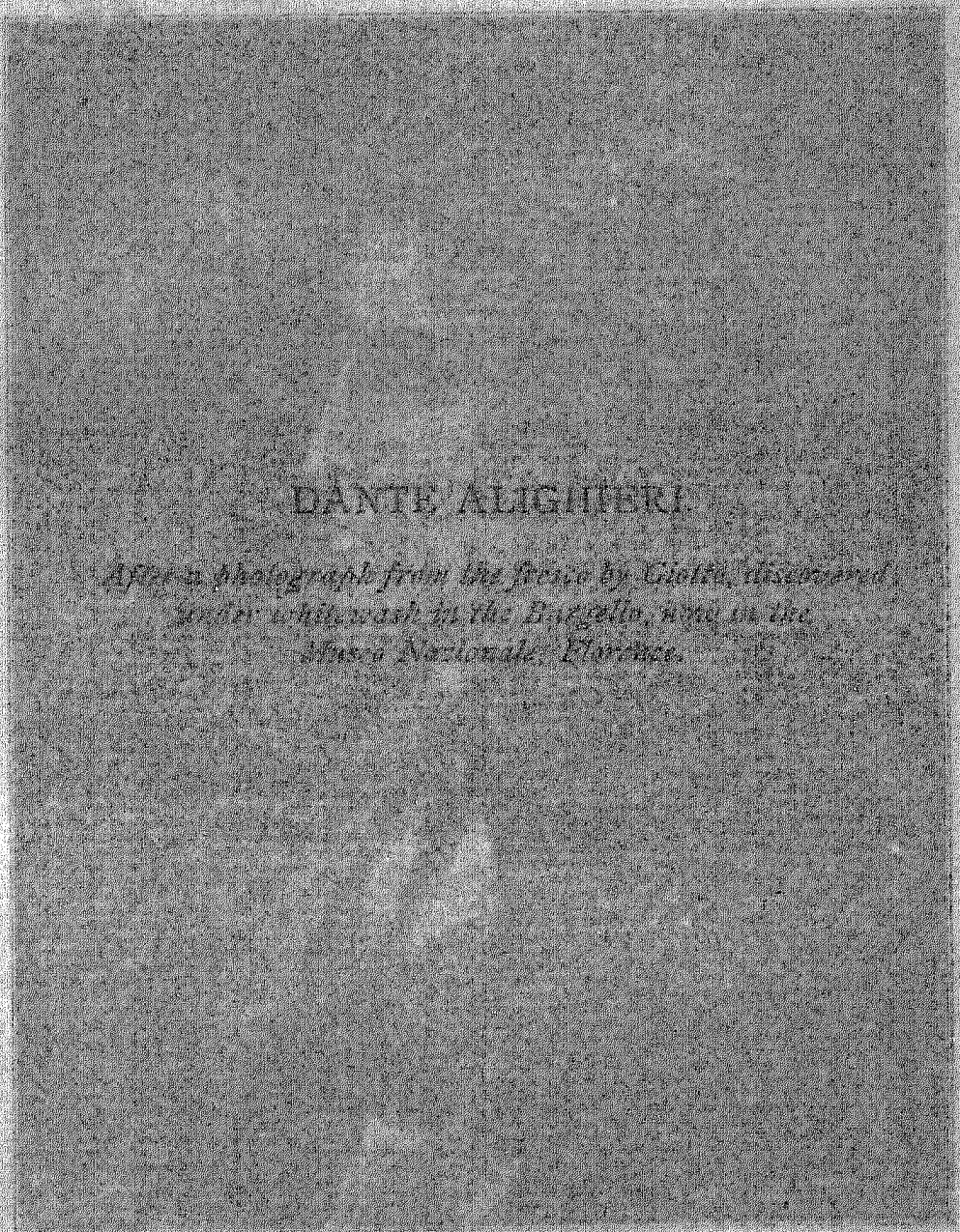
"THROUGH me you pass into the city of woe:
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

PURGATORY.

PRAYER.

CANTO VI.

WHEN I was freed
From all those spirits, who prayed for others' prayers
To hasten on their state of blessedness;
Straight I began: "O thou, my luminary!
It seems expressly in thy text denied,
That Heaven's supreme decree can ever bend
To supplication; yet with this design
Do these entreat. Can then their hope be vain?
Or is thy saying not to be revealed?"



DANTE ALIGHIERI.

After a photograph from the fresco by Giotto, discovered under whitewash in the Bargello, now in the Museo Nazionale, Florence.

FROM "THE DIVINE COMEDY."

HELL.

INSCRIPTION OVER THE GATE.

CANTO III.

Through me you pass into the city of woe:
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create there were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here.

PURGATORY.

CANTO III.

[illegible] my teacher
[illegible] to the next denied,
That Heaven's supreme decree can ever bend
To supplication; yet with this design
Do these entreat. Can then their hope be vain?
Or is thy saying not to be revealed?"



He thus to me: "Both what I write is plain,
And these deceived not in their hope; if well
Thy mind consider, that the sacred height
Of judgment doth not stoop, because love's flame
In a short moment all fulfils, which he,
Who sojourns here, in right should satisfy.
Besides, when I this point concluded thus,
By praying no defect could be supplied:
Because the prayer had none access to God.
Yet in this deep suspicion rest thou not
Contented, unless she assure thee so,
Who betwixt truth and mind infuses light:
I know not if thou take me right; I mean
Beatrice. Her thou shalt behold above,
Upon this mountain's crown, fair seat of joy."

PRAYER OF PENITENTS.

CANTO XI.

"O THOU Almighty Father! who dost make
The heavens thy dwelling, not in bounds confined,
But that, with love intenser, there thou view'st
Thy primal effluence; hallowed be thy name:
Join, each created being, to extol
Thy might; for worthy humblest thanks and praise
Is thy blest Spirit. May thy kingdom's peace
Come unto us; for we, unless it come,
With all our striving, thither tend in vain.
As, of their will, the angels unto thee
Tender meet sacrifice, circling thy throne
With loud hosannas; so of theirs be done

By saintly men on earth. Grant us, this day,
Our daily manna, without which he roams
Through this rough desert retrograde, who most
Toils to advance his steps. As we to each
Pardon the evil done us, pardon thou
Benign, and of our merit take no count.
'Gainst the old adversary, prove thou not
Our virtue, easily subdued; but free
From his incitements, and defeat his wiles.
This last petition, dearest Lord! is made
Not for ourselves; since that were needless now;
But for their sakes who after us remain."

MAN'S FREE-WILL.

CANTO XVI.

"Ye, who live,
Do so each cause refer to heaven above,
E'en as its motion, of necessity,
Drew with it all that moves. If this were so,
Free choice in you were none; nor justice would
There should be joy for virtue, woe for ill.
Your movements have their primal bent from heaven;
Not all: yet said I all; what then ensues?
Light have ye still to follow evil or good,
And of the will free power, which, if it stand
Firm and unwearied in Heaven's first assay,
Conquers at last, so it be cherished well,
Triumphant over all. To mightier force,
To better nature subject, ye abide
Free, not constrained by that which forms in you

The reasoning mind uninfluenced of the stars.
If then the present race of mankind err,
Seek in yourselves the cause, and find it there."

FIRE OF PURIFICATION.

CANTO XXVII.

Now was the sun so stationed, as when first
His early radiance quivers on the heights,
Where streamed his Maker's blood; while Libra hangs
Above Hesperian Ebro; and new fires,
Meridian, flash on Ganges' yellow tide.
So day was sinking, when the angel of God
Appeared before us. Joy was in his mien.
Forth of the flame he stood upon the brink;
And with a voice, whose lively clearness far
Surpassed our human, "Blessed are the pure
In heart," he sang: then near him as we came,
"Go ye not further, holy spirits!" he cried,
"Ere the fire pierce you: enter in; and list
Attentive to the song ye hear from thence."
I, when I heard his saying, was as one
Laid in the grave. My hands together clasped,
And upward stretching, on the fire I looked;
And busy fancy conjured up the forms
Erewhile beheld alive consumed in flames.
The escorting spirits turned with gentle looks
Toward me; and the Mantuan spake: "My son,
Here torment thou may'st feel, but canst not death.
Remember thee, remember thee, if I
Safe e'en on Geryon brought thee; now I come

More near to God, wilt thou not trust me now?
Of this be sure; though in its womb that flame
A thousand years contained thee, from thy head
No hair should perish. If thou doubt my truth,
Approach; and with thy hands thy vesture's hem
Stretch forth, and for thyself confirm belief.
Lay now all fear, oh! lay all fear aside.
Turn hither, and come onward undismayed."
I still, though conscience urged, no step advanced.

.

Into the fire before me then he walked:
And Statius, who erewhile no little space
Had parted us, he prayed to come behind.
I would have cast me into molten glass
To cool me, when I entered; so intense
Raged the conflagrant mass. The sire beloved,
To comfort me, as he proceeded, still
Of Beatrice talked. "Her eyes," saith he,
"E'en now I seem to view." From the other side
A voice, that sang, did guide us; and the voice
Following, with heedful ear, we issued forth,
There where the path led upward. "Come," we heard,
"Come, blessèd of my Father." Such the sounds,
That hailed us from within a light, which shone
So radiant, I could not endure the view.
"The sun," it added, "hastes: and evening comes.
Delay not: ere the western sky is hung
With blackness, strive ye for the pass." Our way
Upright within the rock arose, and faced
Such part of heaven, that from before my steps
The beams were shrouded of the sinking sun.

PARADISE.

SIN AND REDEMPTION.

CANTO VII.

WHAT I have heard,
Is plain, thou say'st: but wherefore God this way
For our redemption chose, eludes my search.
"Brother! no eye of man not perfected,
Nor fully ripened in the flame of love,
May fathom this decree. It is a mark,
In sooth, much aimed at, and but little kenned:
And I will therefore show thee why such way
Was worthiest. The celestial love, that spurns
All envying in its bounty, in itself
With such effulgence blazeth, as sends forth
All beauteous things eternal. What distils
Immediate thence, no end of being knows;
Bearing its seal immutably imprest.
Whatever thence immediate falls, is free,
Free wholly, uncontrollable by power
Of each thing new: by such conformity
More grateful to its author, whose bright beams,
Though all partake their shining, yet in those
Are liveliest, which resemble him the most.
These tokens of pre-eminence on man
Largely bestowed, if any of them fail,
He needs must forfeit his nobility,
No longer stainless. Sin alone is that,
Which doth disfranchise him, and make unlike
To the chief good; for that its light in him

Is darkened. And to dignity thus lost
Is no return; unless, where guilt makes void,
He for ill pleasure pay with equal pain.
Your nature, which entirely in its seed
Transgressed, from these distinctions fell, no less
Than from its state in Paradise; nor means
Found on recovery (search all methods out
As strictly as thou may) save one of these,
The only fords were left through which to wade:
Either, that God had of his courtesy
Released him merely; or else, man himself
For his own folly by himself atoned.
"Fix now thine eye, intently as thou canst,
On the everlasting counsel; and explore,
Instructed by my words, the dread abyss.
"Man in himself had ever lacked the means
Of satisfaction, for he could not stoop
Obeying, in humility so low,
As high, he, disobeying, thought to soar:
And, for this reason, he had vainly tried,
Out of his own sufficiency, to pay
The rigid satisfaction. Then behoved
That God should by his own ways lead him back
Unto the life, from whence he fell, restored:
By both his ways, I mean, or one alone.
But since the deed is ever prized the more,
The more the doer's good intent appears;
Goodness celestial, whose broad signature
Is on the universe, of all its ways
To raise ye up, was fain to leave out none.
Nor aught so vast or so magnificent,
Either for him who gave or who received,
Between the last night and the primal day,

Was or can be. For God more bounty showed,
Giving himself to make man capable
Of his return to life, than had the terms
Been mere and unconditional release.
And for his justice, every method else
Were all too scant, had not the Son of God
Humbled himself to put on mortal flesh."

THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST.

CANTO XIV.

And lo! forthwith there rose up round about
A lustre, over that already there;
Of equal clearness, like the brightening up
Of the horizon. As at evening hour
Of twilight, new appearances through heaven
Peer with faint glimmer, doubtfully descried;
So, there, new substances methought, began
To rise in view beyond the other twain,
And wheeling, sweep their ampler circuit wide.
O genuine glitter of eternal Beam!
With what a sudden whiteness did it flow,
O'erpowering vision in me. But so fair,
So passing lovely, Beatrice showed,
Mind cannot follow it, nor words express
Her infinite sweetness. Thence mine eyes regained
Power to look up; and I beheld myself,
Sole with my lady, to more lofty bliss
Translated: for the star, with warmer smile
Impurpled, well denoted our ascent.

With all the heart, and with that tongue which
speaks
The same in all, an holocaust I made
To God befitting the new grace vouchsafed.
And from my bosom had not yet upsteamed
The fuming of that incense, when I knew
The rite accepted. With such mighty sheen
And mantling crimson, in two listed rays
The splendors shot before me, that I cried,
"God of Sabaoth! that dost prank them thus!"
As leads the galaxy from pole to pole,
Distinguished into greater lights and less,
Its pathway, which the wisest fail to spell;
So thickly studded, in the depth of Mars,
Those rays described the venerable sign,
That quadrants in the round conjoining frame.
Here memory mocks the toil of genius. Christ
Beamed on that cross; and pattern fails me now.
But whoso takes his cross, and follows Christ,
Will pardon me for that I leave untold,
When in the fleckered dawning he shall spy
The glitterance of Christ. From horn to horn,
And 'tween the summit and the base, did move
Lights, scintillating, as they met and passed.
Thus oft are seen with ever-changeful glance,
Straight or athwart, now rapid and now slow,
The atomies of bodies, long or short,
To move along the sunbeam, whose slant line
Checkers the shadow interposed by art
Against the noontide heat. And as the chime
Of minstrel music, dulcimer, and harp
With many strings, a pleasant dinning makes
To him, who heareth not distinct the note;

So from the lights, which there appeared to me,
Gathered along the cross a melody,
That, indistinctly heard, with ravishment
Possessed me. Yet I marked it was a hymn
Of lofty praises; for there came to me
"Arise," and "Conquer," as to one who hears
And comprehends not. Me such ecstasy
O'ercame, that never, till that hour, was thing
That held me in so sweet imprisonment.

THE SAINTS IN GLORY.

CANTO XXXI.

In fashion, as a snow-white rose, lay then
Before my view the saintly multitude,
Which is his own blood Christ espoused. Meanwhile,
That other host, that soar aloft to gaze
And celebrate his glory, whom they love,
Hovered around; and, like a troop of bees,
Amid the vernal sweets alighting now,
Now, clustering, where their fragrant labor glows,
Flew downward to the mighty flower, or rose
From the redundant petals, streaming back
Unto the steadfast dwelling of their joy.
Faces had they of flame, and wings of gold:
The rest was whiter than the driven snow;
And, as they flitted down into the flower,
From range to range, fanning their plumy loins,
Whispered the peace and ardor, which they won
From that soft winnowing. Shadow none, the vast
Interposition of such numerous flight
Cast, from above, upon the flower, or view

Obstructed aught. For, through the universe,
Wherever merited, celestial light
Glides freely, and no obstacle prevents.
All there, who reign in safety and in bliss,
Ages long past or new, on one sole mark
Their love and vision fixed. O trinal beam
Of individual star, that charm'st them thus!
Vouchsafe one glance to gild our storm below.
If the grim brood, from Arctic shores that roamed
(Where Helice forever, as she wheels,
Sparkles a mother's fondness on her son),
Stood in mute wonder mid the works of Rome,
When to their view the Lateran arose
In greatness more than earthly; I, who then
From human to divine had passed, from time
Unto eternity, and out of Florence
To justice and to truth, how might I chuse
But marvel too? 'Twixt gladness and amaze,
In sooth, no will had I to utter aught,
Or hear. And, as a pilgrim, when he rests
Within the temple of his vow, looks round
In breathless awe, and hopes some time to tell
Of all its goodly state; e'en so mine eyes
Coursed up and down along the living light,
Now low, and now aloft, and now around,
Visiting every step. Looks I beheld,
Where charity in soft persuasion sat;
Smiles from within, and radiance from above;
And, in each gesture, grace and honor high.
So roved my ken, and in its general form
All Paradise surveyed.

DANTE.

Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

INDEX: AUTHORS AND TITLES.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TITLES.

For occupation, nativity, etc., of Authors, and the American publishers of American poetical works, see General Index of Authors, Volume X.

PAGE.

ADAMS, SARAH FLOWER.
Father, Thy Will be Done 346

ADDISON, JOSEPH.
Ode: "The spacious firmament on high" (*Spectator*) 13
Soliloquy: On Immortality (*Cato*) 384

AKERMAN, LUCY EVELINA.
"Nothing but leaves" 283

ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES HUMPHREYS.
Burial of Moses 365

ALGER, WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE.
"To Heaven approached a Sufi Saint" (*From the Persian of Jallal-ad-din Rumi*) 405

ARNOLD, MATTHEW.
Desire 125
Good Shepherd with the Kid, The 68

ASKEWE, ANNE.
Flight of Faith, The 136

BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES.
Life (*Festus*) 407

BANIM, JOHN.
Soggarth Aroon 170

BANKS, GEORGE LINNÆUS.
What I Live For. 186

BARBAULD, ANNA LÆTITIA.
Praise to God 40
Sabbath of the Soul, The 195

PAGE.

BARCLAY, ALEXANDER.
Of Hym that Togyder wyll Serve Two Maysters (*From the German of Brandt*) 217

BENNETT, G.
Time for Prayer, The 112

BLACKIE, JOHN STUART.
Sabbath Hymn on the Mountains 190

BLIND, MATHILDE.
Mystic's Vision, The 142

BOLTON, SARAH KNOWLES.
Her Creed 236

BONAR, HORATIUS.
Book of God, The 206
Master's Touch, The 337

BOWRING, SIR JOHN.
"From the recesses of a lowly spirit" 132
God (*Russian of Dershávin*) 24

BRANDT, SEBASTIAN.
Of Hym that Togyder will Serve two Maysters (*Barclay's Translation*) 217

BRETON, NICHOLAS.
"I would I were an excellent divine" 312

BROOKS, PHILLIPS.
"O little town of Bethlehem" 47

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT.
Cry of the Human, The 286
Prospect, The 347
Two Sayings 68

BROWNING, ROBERT.
Epilogue 374
Rabbi Ben Ezra 220
Service (*Pippa Passes*) 156
Song (*Pippa Passes*) 1

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN.
Future Life, The 397

BURNS, ROBERT.
Unco Guid, To the 320

BUTLER, SAMUEL.
Religion of Hudibras, The (*Hudibras*) 228

PAGE.

CAMPBELL, THOMAS.
Hope (*Pleasures of Hope*) 145
Last Man, The 360

CARY, ALICE.
My Creed 237

CARY, HENRY FRANCIS.
Selections from "The Divine Comedy" (*Italian of Dante*) 436

CARY, PHŒBE.
Nearer Home 393

CASIMIR THE GREAT.
"It kindles all my soul" (*Translation*) 373

CASWALL, EDWARD.
"My God, I love Thee" (*Latin of St. Francis Xavier*) 103

CELANO, THOMAS À
Dies Iræ (*Dix's Translation*) 100

CHADWICK, JOHN WHITE.
Rise of Man, The 311

CHATTERTON, THOMAS.
Resignation, The 368

CLARK, WILLIS GAYLORD.
Euthanasia 359

CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN.
Caliph and Satan, The (*After Tholuck's German Translation from the Persian*) 119
Cana 65

CLEANTHES.
Hymn to Zeus 7

CLEPHANE, ELIZABETH CECILIA.
Lost Sheep, The ("The Ninety and Nine") 66

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH.
In a Lecture-Room 132

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR.
Dallying with Temptation (*The First Part of Wallenstein*) 327
Hymn before Sunrise 15
On an Infant 232

COLES, ABRAHAM.
Stabat Mater Dolorosa (*Latin of Jacopone*) 70

PAGE.

COLLINS, MORTIMER.
Two Worlds, The 400

COWPER, WILLIAM.
Light Shining out of Darkness..... 23

COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND.
Chimes of England, The (*Christian Ballads*) 200

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCK.
Lancashire Doxology, A 204
Saint Christopher 296
Sunday Morning Bells 190

CRASHAW, RICHARD.
Briefs: 306
"Two went up to the Temple to pray."
Water turned into Wine.
Widow's Mites, The.

CROSS, MARY ANN EVANS LEWES (*George Eliot*).
"O may I join the choir invisible" 241

DANTE ALIGHIERI.
Selections from "The Divine Comedy" (*Cary's Translation*) 436

DEMAREST, MARY LEE.
My Ain Countree 353

DERSHÁVIN, GAVRIÍL ROMÁNOVICH.
God (*Bowring's Translation*) 24

DICKINSON, EMILY.
Found Wanting 326
Heaven 390

DICKINSON, MARY LOWE.
"If we had but a day" 187

DIX, JOHN ADAMS.
Dies Iræ (*Latin of Celano*) 100

DODDRIDGE, PHILIP.
"Amazing beauteous change"..... 197

DOMETT, ALFRED.
Christmas Hymn, A 59

DRYDEN, JOHN.
Veni Creator Spiritus (*Latin of St. Gregory*)..... 104

DUNBAR, PAUL LAWRENCE.
Conscience and Remorse 326

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. PAGE.
Brahma 6
Good-bye 31
Problem, The 229

FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM.
Low Spirits 338
Paradise 434
Right Must Win, The 299
Will of God, The 36
World, The 284

FOX, WILLIAM JOHNSON.
Martyr's Hymn, The (*German of Luther*) 334

GALLAGHER, WILLIAM DAVIS.
Laborer, The 302

GANNETT, WILLIAM CHANNING.
Hills of the Lord, The 18

GLADDEN, WASHINGTON.
"O Master, let me walk with thee" 135
Pastor's Reverie, The 313
Ultima Veritas 255

GRAHAME, JAMES.
Poor Man's Day, The (*The Sabbath*) 193

GRANT, SIR ROBERT.
Litany 74
"When gathering clouds around I view" 88

GREENE, SARAH PRATT McLEAN.
De Sheepfol' 67

GREGORY THE GREAT, ST. (POPE GREGORY I.)
"Darkness is thinning" (*Neale's Translation*) 122
Veni Creator Spiritus (*Dryden's Translation*) 104

GRIFFIN, GERALD JOSEPH.
Sister of Charity, The 183

GUINEY, LOUISE IMOGEN.
Tryste Noël 61

HALL, CHRISTOPHER NEWMAN.
"My times are in thy hand" 140

HAVERGAL, FRANCES RIDLEY.
"I gave my life for thee" 95
Peace 250

HAY, JOHN.
Religion and Doctrine 219

HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON. PAGE.
Patience 343

HEBER, REGINALD.
Epiphany 50

HEDGE, FREDERIC HENRY.
"A mighty fortress is our God" (*German of Luther*) . 33

HERBERT, GEORGE.
Call, The 144
Church Porch, The, From 304
Gifts of God, The 276
Peace 248
Praise 123
"Said I not so?" 282

HERRICK, ROBERT.
Holy Spirit, The 108
My Home 246
True Lent, A 303

HEYWOOD, THOMAS.
Frankford's Soliloquy (*A Woman Killed with Kindness*) 328

HILDEGARDE, ST.
O Fire of God, the Comforter (*Littledale's Translation*) 107

HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT.
Cost of Worth, The (*Bitter-Sweet*) 300

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.
Living Temple, The 215

HOOPER, ELLEN STURGIS.
Duty 277

HOUGHTON, RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD.
Hope of the Human Heart (*Anima Mundi*) 110

HOW, WILLIAM WALSHAM.
Word, The 199

HUCKEL, OLIVER.
Easy to Drift 328
Prayer and Answer 128

HUNT, LEIGH.
Abou Ben Adhem 188

JACOPONE, FRA.
Stabat Mater Dolorosa (*Coles' Translation*) 70

PAGE.

JALLAL-AD-DIN (or DSCHELLALEDDIN) RUMI.
"To heaven approached a Sufi saint" (*Alger's Trans.*) 405

JUVENAL—DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS.
Conscience (*Satire XIII*) 329

KEBLE, JOHN.
Conversion of St. Paul, The 82
Example 309
Star Mist 415

KLOPSTOCK, FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB.
My Recovery 293

LANIER, SIDNEY.
Ballad of Trees and the Master, A 69

LARCOM, LUCY.
In the Air 169

LEGGETT, WILLIAM.
Meeting Above 395

LEYDEN, JOHN.
Sabbath Morning, The 192

LITTLEDALE, RICHARD FREDERICK.
"O Fire of God, the Comforter" (*St. Hildegarde*) . . . 107

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH.
King Robert of Sicily 148
Ladder of St. Augustine, The 294
Psalm of Life, A 275
Santa Filomena 167
Sifting of Peter, The 290
Song of the Silent Land 388
To-Morrow (*Spanish of De Vega*) 94

LONGFELLOW, SAMUEL.
Vesper Hymn 195

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.
Vision of Sir Launfal, The 172

LUTHER, MARTIN.
"A mighty Fortress is our God" (*Hedge's Trans.*) . . 33
Martyrs' Hymn, The (*Fox's Translation*) 334

LYALL, SIR ALFRED COMYNS.
Meditation of a Hindu Prince 3

LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS.
"Abide with me" 76

MACANDREW, BARBARA MILLER. PAGE.
Coming 355

MACKAY, CHARLES.
Day Breaks 244
Small Beginnings 309
"Tell me, ye winged winds" 411

MACE, FRANCES PARKER LAUGHTON.
Only Waiting 369

MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER (*Father Prout*).
Flight into Egypt, The 62

MARY, QUEEN OF HUNGARY.
Prayer 124

MASON, CAROLINE ATHERTON BRIGGS.
Voyage, The 38

MASSINGER, PHILIP.
Devotion 252

MERCER, MARGARET.
Exhortation to Prayer 116

MILMAN, HENRY HART.
Jewish Hymn in Babylon 307

MILTON, JOHN.
Faithful Angel, The 337
On his Blindness 333
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity 51
Selections from "Paradise Lost" 262

MONTGOMERY, JAMES.
"Forever with the Lord" 403
Humility 148
What is Prayer? 111

MORLAIX, BERNARD DE.
Praise of the Celestial Country (*Neale's Translation*) 418

NEALE, JOHN MASON.
"Art thou weary" (*Latin of St. Stephen the Sabaite*) 87
Praise of the Celestial Country (*Latin of De Morlaix*) 418
"Darkness is thinning" (*Latin of St. Gregory*) 122

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY. PAGE.
Flowers without Fruit 166
"Lead, kindly Light" 41

NICHOLS, REBECCA S.
Philosopher Toad, The 234

NICOLL, ROBERT.
"God is everywhere" 28
Thoughts of Heaven 391

PALMER, RAY.
"I saw Thee" 340

PARKER, THEODORE.
Higher Good, The 133
Way, the Truth, and the Life, The 91

PIERPONT, JOHN.
Passing Away 350

POPE, ALEXANDER.
Dying Christian to his Soul, The 376
God and Man (*Essay on Man*) 21
Messiah 97
Universal Prayer, The 11

PRESTON, MARGARET JUNKIN.
Myrrh-Bearers 72

PRIEST, NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY.
Heaven 410

PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE.
"Give me thy heart" 238
Judge Not 319
Per Pacem ad Lucem 332

PROCTER, BYRON WALLER (*Barry Cornwall*).
"Sit down, sad soul" 372

QUARLES, FRANCIS.
Delight in God 34
Mystical Essay, A 142

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER.
Lines found in his Bible 352
Pilgrimage, The 335

RANDOLPH, ANSON DAVIES FITZ.
Hopefully Waiting 371

RICE, EDWARD H.
Rock of Ages 85

RICHARDSON, CHARLES FRANCIS. PAGE.
Love 189

ROBERT II.
Veni Sancte Spiritus (*Winkworth's Translation*) 105

ROBERTS, CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS.
Aim, The 129
Ascription 134

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA.
Three Enemies, The 280
Up Hill 332

SALIS, JOHANN GAUDENZ VON.
Song of the Silent Land (*Longfellow's Translation*) . 388

SANTAYANA, GEORGE.
Faith 136

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.
Rebecca's Hymn 205

SCUDDER, ELIZA.
Love of God, The 39
Vesper Hymn 196

SEARS, EDMUND HAMILTON.
Angel's Song, The 48

SEWALL, HARRIET WINSLOW.
"Why thus longing" 127

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.
Prayer and Repentance (*Hamlet*) 118

SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE.
Lost Pleiad, The 347

SMITH, MARY LOUISE RILEY.
In Prison 323
Sometime 344

SMITH, WALTER CHALMERS.
Self-Exiled, The 158

SOUTHEY, ROBERT.
"My days among the dead" 396

SOUTHWELL, ROBERT.
Losse in Delays 341
Scorn Not the Least 298

SPENCER, CAROLINE S.
Living Waters 251

PAGE.

SPENSER EDMUND.
Love to Christ (*An Hymne of Heavenly Love*) 90
Ministry of Angels, The (*Faërie Queene*) 415

STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN.
Disciples after the Ascension, The 77

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE.
Undiscovered Country, The 387

STEPHEN THE SABAITE, ST.
"Art thou weary?" (*Neale's Translation*) 87

STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER.
"Knocking, ever knocking" 92
Other World, The 389

TALFOURD, SIR THOMAS NOON.
Sympathy (*Ion*) 163

TAYLOR, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
Old Village Choir, The 202

TAYLOR, JEREMY.
Heaven 408

TAYLOR, W.
My Recovery (*German of Klopstock*) 293

TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD.
Crossing the Bar 375
Doubt and Faith (*In Memoriam*) 139
Foolish Virgins, The 331
New Year, The (*In Memoriam*) 260
"O yet we trust that somehow good" 243
Saint Agnes 416
Sir Galahad 164
"Strong Son of God, immortal Love" (*In Memoriam*) 45

TERSTEEGEN, GERHARD.
Love of God Supreme, The (*J. Wesley's Trans.*) 130

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.
End of the Play, The 256

TRENCH, RICHARD CHENEVIX.
Christ, The 75
Different Minds 293

TURNER, CHARLES TENNYSON.
Sunrise 20

VAUGHAN, HENRY. PAGE.
Peace 414
Seed Growing Secretly, The 343

VEGA, LOPE DE.
To-Morrow (*Longfellow's Translation*) 94

VERY, JONES.
Life 261
Spirit-Land, The 410

WARE, HENRY, JR.
Seasons of Prayer 113

WATTS, ISAAC.
Heaven 413
"Jesus shall reign" 96
"Our God, our help in ages past" 32
Self-Inquiry 280

WESLEY, CHARLES.
Wrestling Jacob 79

WESLEY, JOHN.
Love of God Supreme, The (*German of Tersteegen*) . 130

WHITE, HENRY KIRKE.
Star of Bethlehem, The 89

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF.
Eternal Goodness, The 42
Meeting, The 208
Two Angels, The 156
Two Rabbis, The 316

WILLARD, EMMA HART.
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep 30

WINKWORTH, CATHARINE.
Veni Sancte Spiritus (*Latin of Robert II.*) 105

WITHER, GEORGE.
"Lord! when those glorious lights I see" 14

WOOLSEY, SARAH CHAUNCEY (*Susan Coolidge*).
When 363

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM.
Duty, Ode to 278
Ode: "There was a time" 377

XAVIER, ST. FRANCIS.
"My God, I love Thee" (*Caswall's Translation*) 103

YOUNG, EDWARD. PAGE.
Matter and Man Immortal (*Night Thoughts*) 406

ANONYMOUS.
Answer, The 402
Edwin and Paulinus 385
Heaven 398
New Jerusalem, The 426
Passage in the Life of St. Augustine, A 1
Query, A 146
Seaside Well, The 253
"Stone the woman, let the man go free" 322
Te Deum Laudamus 9
Vanity 292
What was his Creed? 232